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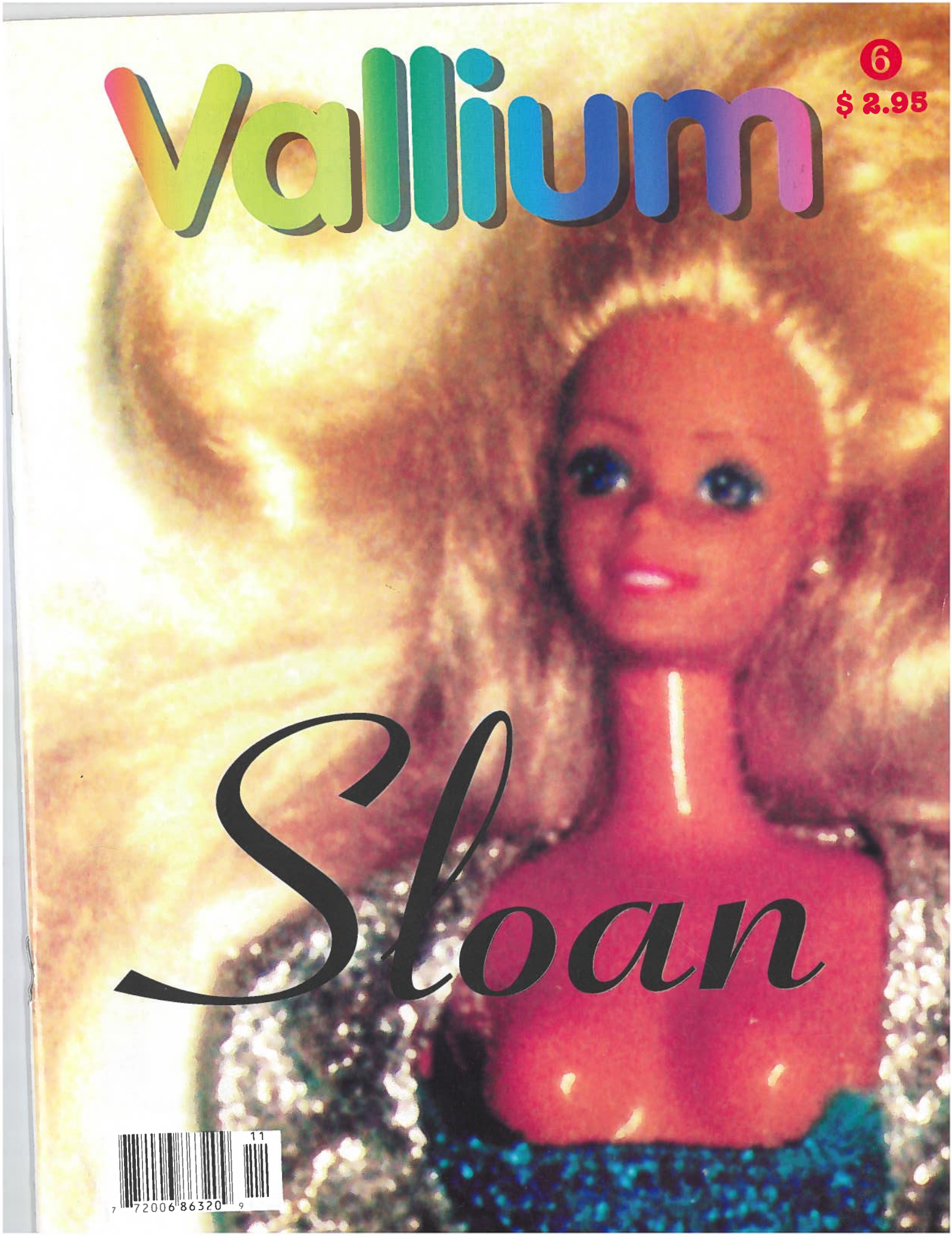

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Sloan

interview by Ron Bates
photos by Sloan

So, has Sloan broken up or what? Word is they have, but we didn't know that when we shuttled off a list of questions to Halifax with a blank tape to record their answers on. What follows is a transcript of guitarist Jay Fergusson's (also main boss at Murderecords) answers, as for other guitarist Patrick Pentland's answers, they were written down. We also sent them a disposable panoramic camera. And we haven't got a clue as to who is the girl in the photos. Here we go ...

Hey, *Vallium* magazine, this is Jay from Sloan. I wish there were more people here to answer these questions, but Andrew is in Toronto and Chris is on tour with the Superfriendz right now, so it looks like I'm going to have to answer most of the them. Patrick is around, so I'm going to try to get him to answer some of these as well.

Who owns the pink Barbie car in the "500 Up" video?
Jay: That, right now, is in our manager Chip Sutherland's office, and it's just sitting there with the Rappin' Ken doll with the duck's head. Nobody really owns it—we bought it in New York basically

the day before we filmed the video for "500 Up". We wanted to do a video with sort of a live frog stuck on the car but we might have gotten into trouble or something from, you know, the SPCA or something. And we couldn't find a live frog in New York City anyway. Very seat of our pants kind of video.
Patrick: Our manager, Chip Sutherland, seems to think that he owns it, but I think he was reimbursed by Geffen. So I guess they own it, but they'll have to come to Halifax and try and get it out of Chip's office.

Sloan's sound seems to change with each release. Are you closing in on "your" sound or do you enjoy keeping people on their toes with diversity?
Patrick: We enjoy keeping ourselves on our toes. Other people don't really enter into it. If we're happy then we release it, and we tend to bounce around from style to style—within reason.
Jay: Um, I don't know if we're trying to purposely be diverse, I think just a lot of different tastes in our band just end up showing through. The first record was done almost, well, basically four years ago and we were obviously really influenced by things like *My Bloody Valentine* and, I suppose, *Slowdive* and things like that. So that was really reflected on that record. Then on our last record, we wanted to get away from the glut of overbearing supersonic guitars blasting out of each speaker, so we tried to pare it down, make a more sparse record. I don't know if we're trying to keep people on their toes but we just have a lot of different tastes we're trying to explore. Explore... explore's such a lame word—we're just trying to show off all the records we have, basically. Just kidding.

What made you decide to record your latest 7" on 4-track?
Patrick: Lack of $. Good idea gone bad. But we really like it now.
Jay: The reason we did that was mainly just for time. We recorded it over Christmas and we wanted to have it out for our tour that we did in February, but it didn't end up coming out then, unfortunately, because of delays in the pressing of it. So the reason we did it on 4-track—well, it's fun to record on 4-track. There's no sweat involved, you know, no being under a clock in a studio. We could take our time and try to do it some different ways, have control over it, mix it ourselves and everything, that's all. We were practising in *jale*'s practice space at the time, so we just did it there.

Explain/Justify your affection for vinyl.
Jay: I've been working in a record store since I was twelve. I just have an affection for vinyl. I have a lot of records—I don't know how many, a few thousand—here in my room. As far as putting out records, say for *murderecords*, we try to put them out on vinyl as well. As CDs; like we did with the *Hip Club Groove* record and also the *jale* EP. There's a lot of things we haven't put out on vinyl just because it's so expensive to manufacture the vinyl (which does not sell that fast or as well as CDs, in Canada anyway), and also do CDs and cassettes. It's just like an

expense. Like, three formats is just so ridiculous. Certain special things we would do vinyl for, like the HCG record just because with hip-hop and rap, a lot of DJs would rather play vinyl. They can mix them more properly or do beat mixing between records. *Jale* we released on vinyl because... we sort of thought we'd be able to release it in the States but we're having a little bit of a hard time with Sub Pop. The vinyl was already under way, so... anyway, *jale*'ll probably be able to sell a lot of those because they're relatively popular. And 7" singles, we put out a lot of those. We really like to put out singles that are very special. Two songs that fit on a single or one really great song that's an appropriate single, like "Silver Suit" (Hardship Post) or "Come Clean" (Superfriendz). Just songs that are really appropriate to be singles, unlike a lot of singles that are just songs that a band has lying around or left over from a record or something, which is sort of lame. I think singles should be proper songs that deserve being on a record unto itself.

Isn't life under the sun just a dream?

Jay: Um... yeah. It was sunny here today. I don't know what to say for that question. "Isn't life under the sun just a dream?" Uh, I suppose.

And why do you think Halifax, of all places, is becoming a "cool" hip hop scene?

Patrick: Who knows—is it "cool"?

Jay: I don't know why it's becoming a "cool hip hop scene." *Hip Club Groove* are actually from Truro, which is about an hour outside of Halifax. A couple of them are from Bible Hill and live in trailer parks. And *Six Two*, who's another artist down here. He's really great. I don't know why, there's always been sort of hip hop stuff going around here. I remember seeing *Afrika Bambaata*, who came to the old Flamingo in 1987, and there were hip hop acts opening for him. Actually there was a really good store that sold hip hop records here in the 80's on a street called Gottingen, called Third World Records and they always brought in all the latest 12"s from New York and stuff, and I remember going down there when I was like in grade nine and I would get all the, y'know like, "30 days" by *Run DMC* and all the *Grandmaster Flash* 12"s and stuff like that, and like, the first *Houdini* records and stuff, which are kind of funny to listen to right now. So, I don't know why it's becoming a "cool hip hop scene," I don't really think of it as being big, but every time they have a strictly hip hop show at like an all ages place, it usually does really well.

What is the state of the Halifax scene these days?

Patrick: In flux, many things are changing. It's more exciting in some ways than it has been in a while. Everyone hates each other.

Jay: It's pretty good. There's so many gigs going on it's almost overdone. There's a place called the Khyber building which has gigs often. And, there's Birdland which has regular gigs on the weekends and also there's Café Olé which is strictly all ages and they have shows every Thursday through Saturday nights. So there's no shortage of shows. There's usually good ones every couple of weeks. So as far as the scene, there's... I don't know of a lot of younger bands. Some really good bands. There's a band called *Absolutely Nothing* which is the two girls from *Plumtree* and a friend of their's playing guitar. It's completely raw punk and they're really decent, which is sort of different than *Plumtree*. As far as other younger bands, I haven't really seen a lot new ones recently .I'm sure there are a lot of new bands that are like high school bands playing at Café Olé, but I don't go there a lot just 'cause I feel like a total grandpa when I'm there.

Jay, is the song "Snowsuit Sound" based on actual childhood experience?

Jay: I don't know if it's childhood experience. Sort of. The whole song doesn't really have much to do with snowsuit sound, most of the song is about someone. I was joking with them about that snowsuit sound, you know when you're kids and there's that *whisht whisht* sound when you walk. So I named the song after it, even though it has nothing to do with it really. It's just sort of a minor detail within this thing about an other person. So I don't know if based on actual childhood experience, I guess not really. Maybe more teenage experience, I suppose.

Jay, do people ever compare you to a younger Mick Jagger?

Jay: Um, God, well, about as much as people compare Chris to Val Kilmer.

We heard that Chris had some kind of altercation with a member of the Tea Party.

Jay: Yeah, that's true. I don't think he was a member of the Tea Party, he was like their lighting or sound guy. He was really drunk at a show we played in Windsor a couple of years ago. Chris dove into the audience and this guy grabbed him and was trying to hold him down. Then, I think Chris was trying to get him kicked out. And Chris I think kicked him, but the bouncers wouldn't throw him out because he was a friend of theirs, which is kind of lame. The next thing I remember was seeing this guy, the same guy, on the side of the stage, telling people at the side of the stage that he had to get out there so he could MC the show, halfway through our set. Anyways, I think the guy was pretty wasted. But I think the Tea Party, when they came through town, were very apologetic to Patrick about this incident, which was kind of interesting.

What effect did *Twice Removed*'s appearance on Spin's "Top 10 Albums You Didn't Hear" list have?

Patrick: Zip. It made our parents more mad at Geffen than before.

Jay: I don't know what kind of effect it had, I thought it was kind of a nice nod, or whatever. Especially since Geffen in the States wasn't really behind our record. So it was just kind of a nice nod that we got from a pretty big music magazine, despite the radio folks at Geffen not being particularly psyched.

Is it strange to have a corner of the internet devoted to you?

Jay: Yes, it is kinda strange. Even though the Sloan-net, like, is just mostly about other east coast bands, than it is about us.

What is the last book you've read, movie you've seen, and record you've bought?

Patrick: Book—*Star Trek Memories* by William Shatner.
Movie— *State of Grace* (Sean Penn, Gary Oldman) Excellent!!
Record— Red Red Meat, *Bunny Gets Paid*. Advance from Sub Pop. Wicked!!

Jay: The last book I read... I read books so infrequently. I was reading that *Stone Alone* book by Bill Wyman, which is actually sort of lame. I read the Sonic Youth story, the *Confusion is Next* book by Alex Foege. All I read are basically music books, because I totally have my blinders on. I have no other interests. Kind of embarrassing. I think the last movie I watched was called *Privilege* from the 1960's. It starred Paul Jones from Manford Mann and it's all about this pop star who's controlled by the government to sort of keep the kids in reign, and it's a pretty cool movie. The last record I heard, um... I was listening to *Grand Prix* by Teenage Fanclub last night. The last one I bought was *I Should Coco* by Supergrass. I kinda like that record. And I've been listening to my Local Rabbits tape. That's about all.

Will future Sloan output be on Murder?

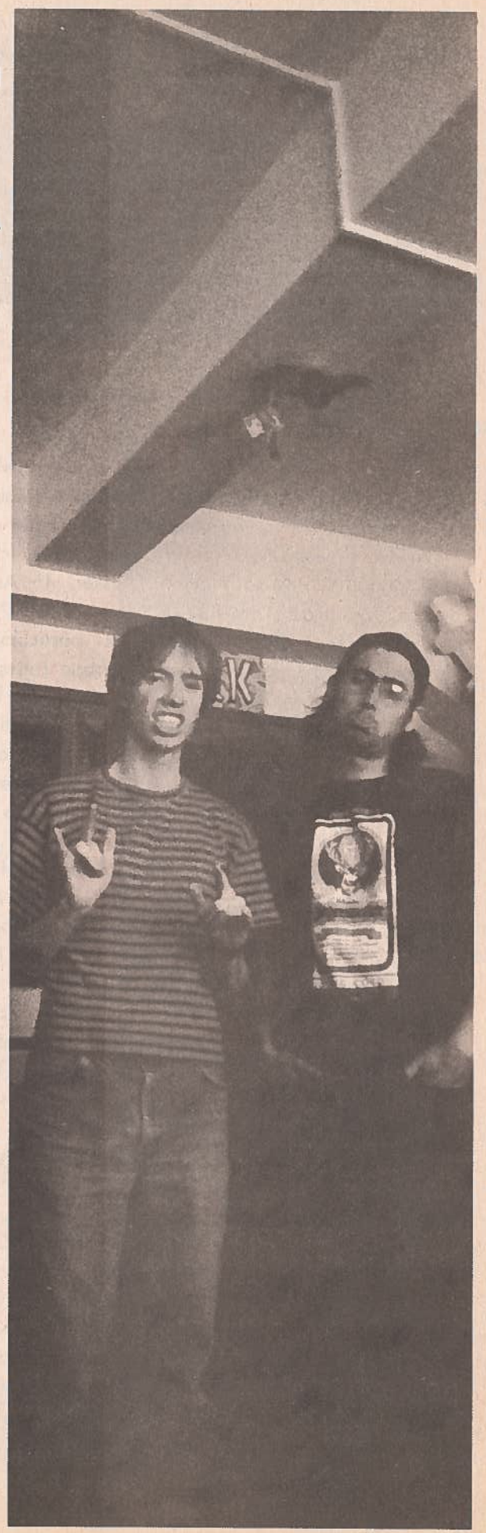
Patrick: Yes. Maybe.

Jay: Potentially, I'm not sure. I don't know if we're going to be doing anything else, any other records, so... but if we do, maybe they will... but we're not too sure yet, so I can't really say.

Does evil actually exist, or is it just the people?

Jay: I don't know. No comment. I'm not really good at those sort of questions.

Patrick: Evil is embodied in the form of Chris Murphy.



EDITORIAL

Summer's over, boooooo

I wonder if all magazine editors write their editorials at 5 o'clock in the morning?

Anyways, we're late again, but hey, it was summer. The beach, my trip to Montréal, and certain moments of being out of control sums up my summer.

And now I will discuss the magazine.

You will notice **The Tea Party** interview is unreadable. That interview is encoded. Anyone who has the font Zapf Dingbats on their computer could decipher it. You will then read a wonderful, deep and loving interview with The Tea Party.

The last issue contained a few big bloopers. It's **Furnace Face** and not **Furna Face**, also **Yellow Plastic Bucket** and not **Plastic Yellow Bucket**. I had wondered why we weren't getting any e-mail. Well, we gave you the wrong address. So how about a contest? The person who finds the most errors in this issue will be the new editor. Ha ha ha. It's 5:15 in the morning.

On with my mail:

Ethan Minsker (who has a poem in this issue) sent his mini issue of **Psycho Moto Zine** (c/o Ethan Minsker, 45 Ave. B#2 New York, NY 10009). I particularly liked the Urban Legends piece. An apartment full of bugs had a room with a carpet of shit. You can probably get this zine if you send 1 or 2 IRCs to Ethan.

Dr. Chronic is at it again with his **RANTS** (Real Deal Productions, PO Box 19129, Los Angeles CA 90019). He writes about crack addicts, and he doesn't like them. I quote: "The next time that one of you postal workers want to kill somebody, go kill a crack addict!"

I picked up a local zine called **Fundo Zine** (50¢ from Shannon Rafferty, 122 Torwood Ct., Riverview NB, E1B 2K5). There's a quote in it that is now the story of my life: "If you rub a lobster the right way, it will fall asleep."

Well, si ay nara.

meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow

Je voulais placer une photo de ma mère (voir l'article qu'elle a écrit à-propos de sa chatte) sur la couverture. Elle a refusé, disant qu'elle paraissait trop grosse. Missy (la chatte) et ma mère ont une drôle de relation. Missy a 11 ans mais elle est traitée comme une enfant gâtée. J'étais souvent jaloux. Je me réveillais très tôt pour aller travailler, et Missy dormait. Je voulais dormir aussi. Je voulais être un chat. Je voulais être Missy.

À ma tendre jeunesse, j'avais eu une chatte qui a donné naissance à 6 petits chatons mignons. On allait souvent à Rogersville visiter mes grands-parents et un jour mes parents voulaient amener les chatons. Arrivé chez mes grands-parents, j'ai vu mon grand-père qui m'approchait avec une hache. Il m'a dit qu'il voulait s'amuser avec mes chatons dans le champ d'en arrière. Il est revenu avec la hache pleine de sang et aucuns petits chatons. Cet événement n'était pas enregistré dans mon coco tout de suite. Je me suis rappelé que 2 ou 3 ans plus tard quand je me suis réveillé en criant.

Les chats. La vie serait plate sans eux.

Ciao.

Mario Doucette

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Gérald Leblanc est natif de Bouctouche, au Nouveau-Brunswick. Il a reçu le prix Estuaire des Terrasses Saint-Sulpice en 1994 pour son recueil *Complaintes du continent*; le prix Pascal-Poirier du Gouvernement du Nouveau-Brunswick en 1993 pour l'ensemble de son œuvre; et le prix littéraire de la Ville de Moncton en 1988 pour *L'Extrême Frontière*. Gérald Leblanc vit à Moncton.

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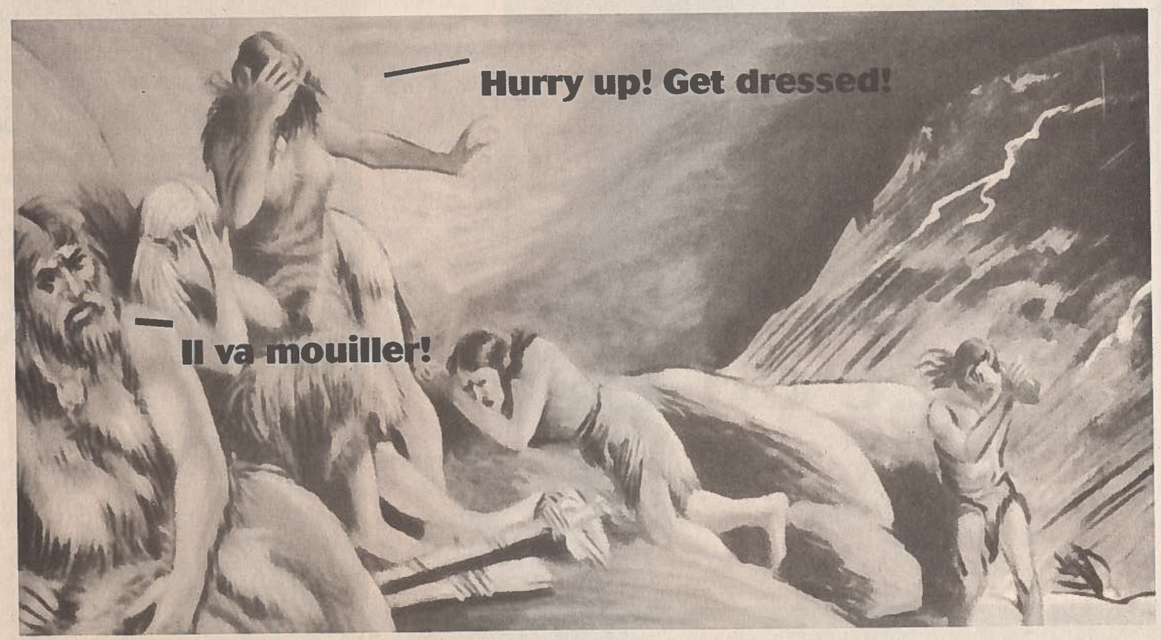

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Natural Born Killers - Revisited

In cinema one rarely finds a filmmaker who can effectively exploit the intrinsically post modern genre that is satire, yet it has successfully been accomplished by Oliver Stone, with the delivery of his film *Natural Born Killers (1994)*. Although in no way subtle, this fact often eludes even the best of critics, who mistake *Natural Born Killers* for a "road trip" or even straight a out action film. But beware: *Natural Born Killers* is no mere revisionist film.

In reading both the original Quentin Tarantino script of *Natural Born Killers* and the final Stone/Veloz/Rutowski rewrite (which Tarantino read only half of before demanding he only be credited for the story), one begins to see exactly why Stone's *Natural Born Killers* is held akin to great films such as Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange (1971)*.

Had Oliver Stone "stuck" to Tarantino's original script, this film would most definitely have been a redundant and "irresponsibly violent" film, but in Stone's rendition of *Natural Born Killers* this is not the case. In re-writing the *Natural Born Killers* script, Stone et al have injected a bold yet imaginative script with much-needed "message" and purpose, in true Oliver Stone fashion. Stone sticks to a short schedule (about two years, with at least one entire year dedicated to editing) in order to help guarantee the film a sense of raw volatility. Stone came to realize early on that such a quality would be lost if he were to make *Natural Born Killers* in much the same way as the larger and lengthier productions to which he is accustomed. He therefore proceeds to make an honest attempt at what generally turned out to be an expensive low budget film.

There are three basic elements which Stone adds to Tarantino's original *Natural Born Killers*, which make this film so compelling. Firstly and most importantly is the decision made by Stone to unfailingly commit to the satire genre. In doing so, Stone immediatly validates the means by which the "message" is delivered, and affirms that this film is not merely a simple "megablast of hot sinusy flavia" but a complex and developed post modern critism of present day media culture.

Secondly, Stone et al eloquently "flesh out" the two main characters by giving them a past, a purpose and a personality that is entirely believable. In doing so Stone almost guarantees that viewers will empathize with the characters at one level or another and therefore be forced to deal with the emotional dilemma this creates. This is one way in which *Natural Born Killers* differs from Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. In the former, Kubrick attempts (and in many ways unsuccessfully) to keep one at an emotional arm's length from Alex, the film's main character. This creates a problem, for much like a rape scene often serves to only sexually stimulate rather than repulse its less enlightened audiences, Kubrick's attempt to keep his audience from identifying with Alex often fails. One

Sidney Baldwin

needs only to count the number of young people who dress up as Alex come Halloween to understand that one cannot show violence as a ballet without offering up the aggressor as somewhat of a Prima Donna. In *Natural Born Killers* Stone does not attempt to emotionally distance the audience from the two main characters. Instead the storyline solicits empathy for the two killers (unless one is either tragically jaded or singularly rightous), thus it quite cunningly draws you into "the problem", as your moral sense attempts to grapple with "the solution".

Thirdly, Stone has not only re-created the character of Mallory, but added to her character's storyline various scenes, one of which the "I Love Mallory" scene single handedly deserves one's $7.50. A sharp and cynical use of the "I Love Lucy" sitcom format, Stone presents us with a vignette of Mallory's home life that is nothing short of chilling. Tarantino's original Mallory, is a blonde, cacuous, sex kitten sidekick of a character, who lives only to "stand by her man" as the pre-pubescent's ideal of the perfect girlfriend (much like the character of Alabama we are given in Tarantino's film *True Romance (1993)*, directed by Tony Scott). Stone rewrites Mallory as Mickey's equal, a strong-willed brunette who matches (and even surpasses) Mickey's violence throughout the film. She is in no way the co-dependent automaton that is Tarantino's Mallory. Interpreted by the very talented Juliette Lewis *(Too Young To Die, 1989 & Kalifornia, 1992)* the "new" Mallory adds a distincly feminist slant to *Natural Born Killers* as she introduces the viewers to the past history of the two main characters.

Altogether *Natural Born Killers* emerges as a classic "cult" film, not only because it so eloquently exploits the satire genre, but because it does so in a uniquely bold cinematographic style. While not exactly re-inventing the use of montage (today referred to as "the MTV style"), Stone does manage to put forth the first large scale Hollywood production of its kind. It is true that *Natural Born Killers* is often said to be visually "chaotic", but this criticism more often than not is given by those more sensitive viewers who are not accustomed to this style of fast-paced editing. It has even been boldly suggested, in upmost sexist fashion, that this film's visual style is reminiscent of the "channel clicking" style, a supposedly common "dominant male behavior in most homes". As a woman, a feminist and one who quite frequently dominates the remote control in such a way, I myself see this kind of criticism as only one step away from describing *Natural Born Killers* as a film which would only appeal to men, and I can assure you this is not the case.

Stone's *Natural Born Killers* quite appropriately delivers us the story of two TV addicted young people and their TV addicted culture in a style that is nothing more than a simple exaggeration/satire of the actual thing. To those who would berate Stone for this approach, one can easily ask the question. How does one proceed to satirize a media-hyped and violent culture while at the same time making a film that is devoid of it? It is

Écrivez à / Write to : Vallium, c/o Éditions Perce-Neige, 140 rue Botsford, local 22, Moncton N.-B., E1C 4X4

simply impossible to conceptualize such a thing, for it would be much like criticizing a satire of "Cats" for being much like a Broadway show. Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* is not only a scopophilic buffet, but a near perfect rendering of the intrinsically post-modern satire. It presents us with almost surgically precise dissection of the various elements that go into mythologizing the violent criminal, all the while retaining its humorous and surreal quality. In short one could say, "It takes a whole village to raise a child, but it takes an entire society to create people like Mickey and Mallory".

With remote control rapid fire, I come to rest on CNN where I am shown U.S. senator and Republican Presidential candidate Robert Dole, as he denounces the American entertainment industry. He claims they are promoting the "depraved and soulless" works of artists such as filmmakers and rap singers. He denounces Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* and Tarantino's *True Romance* by name, saying that these films "revel in mindless violence and loveless sex". Oliver Stone himself is said to have responded to Dole's accusations by saying "Senator Dole is practicing a nineties form of McCarthyism, in an effort to please voters" and he is correct. For whatever aesthetic reasons, one can object to Stone's *Natural Born Killers*, but one should not condemn it without first fully understanding how relevant a film it is, if not only to disagree with ultra right-winged factions of our present day political landscape.

R.M. Bray, Sackville N.B.

Basically there are two schools of thought on this motion picture. There are those who think it glamorizes violence and those who think it criticizes violence. I have come to the conclusion that we probably didn't attend the same school.

Maybe you misinterpreted my comment about the channel switching, I don't believe that men should have the control... but I do believe that it was an "intrinsically post-modern" patriarchal force flickin' the channels in Natural Born Killers. Oliver Stone definitely harshes my mellow... his politics of confusion et all... THE DOORS? Bad wigs.

Dan O. LeBlanc

Dear Vallium,

I'm feeling so lazy I almost didn't write this letter, but well, I'm writing it. Just to say your zine is really great and I do a zine with my sister Eva, and if you're into reading other zines you can get it at Room 201 Records, where we recently left some. It's called *of the month* and there's two different issues. Anyway, what I like about having a zine is hearing which things people liked best, so here's what I liked in yours: *Elevator to Hell* interview, your editorial (about exercise with alcohol & jaywalkers), the photographs & art (I'm making a darkroom at my house), poetry, and the lovely red cover. I like red covers. Anyway, now I'm all happy because my sister just came in & said "you're gonna die" and held up the oldest *Teenage Fanclub* tape, which I've wanted forever. Woohoo! Now I'm listening to it & boy is this fun. I have some roller skates which I'm writing all over but I'm only finished one. I like the books *Shampoo Planet* by Douglas Copeland, and *Catcher in the Rye* and why am I saying this, I'm tired. So the point basically was to say great zine & now I've gone & lost my purpose again. There's been hurricane waves here lately. Have you been to Lawrencetown, Nova Scotia, before? I'm a surfer, yet I'm intelligent. And I speak French but only from French immersion at school which I'm finished now & now I'm probably going to art college or something. But for now I work at a tea room & make small talk with old ladies all day & bake scones. It's sweet and sickening.

Jessica Brannen, Lawrencetown N.S.

Dear Jessica,

I just picked up your zine, ***of the month****, and it's quite entertaining. I especially like the* ***Spectacular Animal of the Month: the porcupine who made it across!*** *And on that note, I recently hit a cute little bird with my Chevette on a recent trip to PEI. The bird was stuck to the grill of my car. It was pretty gross. I also liked Eva's quote: "Nothing - not love nor money - is more important to me than chocolate bars." How true. Recently I've been eating Reese's Peanut Butter Cups after switching from Sweet Mary's.*

Anyways, isn't that old Teenage Fanclub tape where they do a cover of a Madonna song (Like a Virgin)?

Thanks for your letter Jessica. People who would like a copy of ***of the month*** *should send a $1.50 and a postage stamp to Eva & Jessica Brannen, RR#2 Head of Chezzetcook, Halifax Co., N.S., B0J 1N0.*

Mario Doucette

Jessica and her friends have their own hangout.

Le cas étrange du premier ministre stone

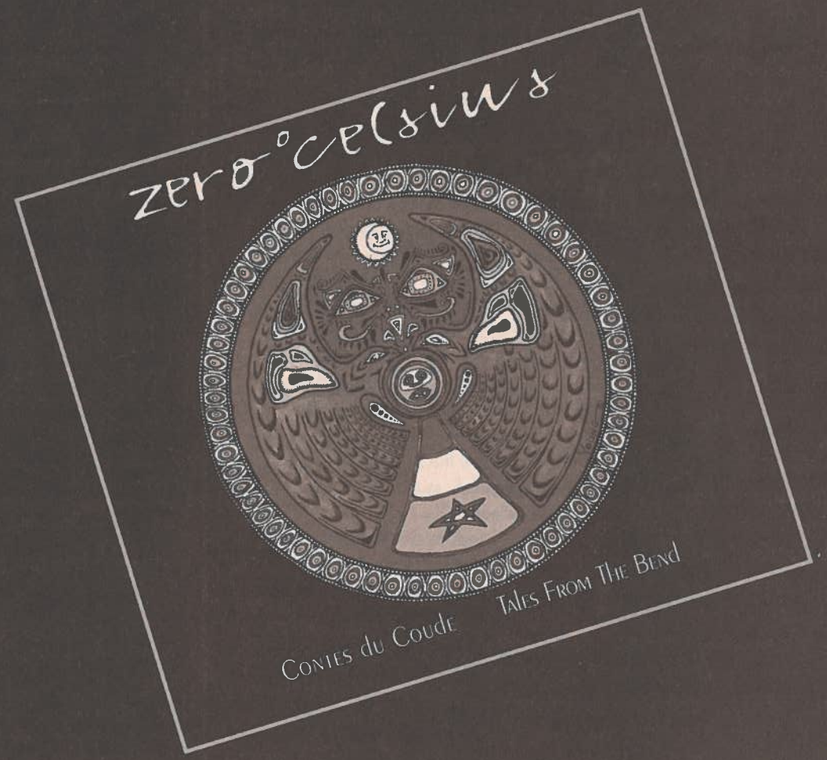
Pourquoi est le Nouveau-Brunswick ouvert une ambassade dans le Colombie? Qui nomme Cheech et Chong assistants exécutifs de le premier ministre? Quelque chose est certainement mal dans la province du Nouveau-Brunswick comme capitaine Dick Mc Toot de l'équipe «snowbird» de la GRC attaque Le Cas Étrange du Premier Ministre Stone.

Worst Choice/Stupourchannel, les impressarios de Le Très P'tit Hoser, Présente l'histoire sordide de corruption dans les cercles gouvernementaux. William (T.J. Prostitute) Shatner est notable comme le capitaine de la GRC qui fait les croisades inépuisables à prévient les Canadiens et Canadiennes de perdre dans «l'espace intérieur». Stacy Keach donne une représentation incroyable comme Reck Hasfield, le politicien qui pense que la vie est meileur avec «Coke». L'écriture pénétrant de Atwood Richler exposant le demi-monde sinistre - un monde décadent de sexe, drogues et Singalong Jubilee.

Ouvert bientôt dans les théâtres local.

Ronald Charles Epstein, Toronto ON

zero°celsius



SORTIE
mi-octobre

RELEASE
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"When I got back from my grocery shopping there was a note shoved into my mailbox. It was from the landlord, looking for March rent...anyway under the note was an invoice...outstanding balance 1,000 dollars. He said don't worry it's only a damage deposit.
I know the law, it's only a month's rent...then my buddy came home drunk, and he was doing the wild monkey dance outside my door. So I put the pillow over my head."

"I watched her. She was saying something about psychic energy and primitive biological urges. She said we were "psychically connected".
Obviously this chick was confusing her libidous activities with her spiritual and intellectual ones."

..."Les miroirs? Ben, pour les Sufis l'univers tout entier constitue un ensemble de miroirs...dans lesquels l'Essence infinie se contemple sous plusieurs formes a divers degrés l'irradiation de l'Etre unique...um...ils ont aussi un sens cosmologique...quelque chose comme de substances réceptives à l'égard de l'Acte pur."

A: You want me to give you my theory on the nature of matter...? O.k....the universe is probably composed of simple indivisible minute particles.

B: So, you're saying what? That we exist in a state of seperate atoms?

A: I regret not having used an atom smasher is what I'm saying.

B: I think you need to exemplify oneness with God on this... you're basing your beliefs on experimentation and theoretical considerations.

A: Ooou, I'm starved, let's eat.

B: Yeah, I'm starving.

!!!

Message à L'homme qui m'appel pour me dire qui va me rappeler. Ouvre ton livre aux intermèdes acadiens. Mets du Aloe-Vera sur le bout de ton Âme pis pédale comme un fou.

- His studio would be the ideal place to write in the morning and work in the afternoon.

- What about raising money to complete a project, creating an event, filming it and using it as the end of the film? Selling beer, throwing a party.

-Raving money! Frank est prêt à nous prêter son terrain pour organiser un concert rock.

-Cecitte ça peut être comic!

-Alors mon cher megaloman de la culture qu'est-il arrivé à la positive convaincu?

-Elle est parti à Vancouver. Et Marie-jo Pan est toujours au Japan. Elle reviendra bientôt m'aider à organiser mon party idealist. Pour ce qui est d'un nom de galerie SUCKSEED me semble bien choisit, and with a little bit of luck we'll kick ass! Techno night on Saturday nite and poetry night la semaine des quatre Jeudis. La première exposition sera celle de mon ami Paul Edouard Bourque. Suivi de Tristan. Pour se qui est de ma trilogie Monsieur Martin qui parle des nanas.

-de quoi?

qui n'ont pas fini de nous solliciter. Mais ici nous retrouvons la filiation blues qui lui servait parfois de tremplin à son inspiration. Il s'agit de chansons écrites par lui dont certaines sont adaptées du traditionnel («Catfish Blues» et «Bleeding Heart»), et une version intéressante de «Voodoo Chile Blues» ainsi que des inédits. Un disque à réécouter. «I'm gonna buy this town/ And put it all in my shœ/ Might even give a piece to you». C'est déjà fait.

J'ai le bonheur à la portée de la cassette si je peux dire. D'effet et effet, je vois la ville d'une autre façon sur ces musiques, comme à travers un prisme sonore dévorant. Un peu beaucoup comme après le spectacle d'**Idée du Nord** au Cosmo le 17 mai dernier. J'en tremble encore, tant la dynamique artiste/public convergeait ce soir-là. D'ailleurs on me dit qu'il y aura peut-être une cassette de ce spectacle et je le souhaite ardemment.

Parlons Cosmo, ça brassait le 5 juillet lors du spectacle bénéfice pour la Maplewood Food Bank. Nous avons pu y entendre **les Païens, Humfat** et **les Oranges bleues**.

Pour ce qui en est des Païens, j'ai aimé le côté «théâtre» de l'affaire: bruits, costumes, mouvements ajoutaient un côté performance à la musique qui me plaît bien. Un exercice de liberté comme proposition de base. Chris LeBlanc s'est transformé en chanteur et il assume cette fonction avec assurance et non sans humour. Les musiciens, Marc «Chops» Arsenault à la basse, Denis Surette à la guitare électrique et Jean Surette à la batterie, nous mènent sur un train d'enfer à travers un répertoire de compositions originales.

À côté de la formation, une sorte d'extraterrestre, qui se promène en ville sous le nom de Paul Bossé, s'applique à produire des effets sonores. Et la cerise sur le sundae, Mario Doucette, (oui, oui, le très sérieux directeur de la revue que vous avez entre les mains), habillé en arbre de Noël ou quelque chose comme, est présent sur scène et peint pendant que le groupe joue. Sa production ce soir-là, en plus de peindre sur les salopettes blanches de Chris LeBlanc, s'intitulait «Hot Chicken». Bon, tout ça ouvrait bien le bal et la seule critique à l'endroit de cette présentation, c'est que c'était beaucoup trop fort. Mais je souhaite qu'ils continuent, ces Païens, et qu'ils nous offrent d'autres surprises du même ordre bientôt. Ici aussi, il est question d'une cassette... alors on attend.

Le clou de la soirée, sans aucun doute, a été Humfat. Carey Beck, qui possède une culture musicale impressionante, est très bien épaulé par Gilles Gaudet à la batterie et Squid à la basse. Ils nous ont interprété une bonne demie douzaine de chansons originales. Sur des paroles ironiques et souvent mordantes, les mélodies sont d'une construction impeccable et d'une exécution remarquable. Humfat, c'est déjà un son et un style qui nous promettent des moments que je suppose magiques.

Pour ce qui en est des Oranges bleues, ça bouge dans la basse cour. Lors de leurs diverses incarnations précédentes, j'ai toujours pensé que le groupe manquait de focus, que les bons moments se trouvaient noyés par un manque de direction. Avec des nouveaux venus, je sens que le groupe développe une sonorité qui lui est organique, un sens plus poussé du rythme et les voix prennent une place prédominante, bref, un nouveau départ qui promet des biens belles choses s'ils continuent dans ce sens.

Y'a toutes sortes de musiques qui m'arrivent et j'en manque des bouttes en plus. C'est l'été et j'en suis ben aise mais que de difficulté à me concentrer. J'ai donc décidé de céder à toutes les tentations, ce qui tombe bien puisqu'il y a un nouveau bar qui vient d'ouvrir: **Au deuxième**, au 837 de la rue Main. C'est au deuxième, mais ça, vous l'aviez deviné. On y présente du jazz, des «cajun gypsies» de la Louisiane, etc. Je concentre surtout sur la prochaine bière vu que l'été est court et le plaisir fugace... carpe diem! comme disait l'autre.

chicagonewyorklosangeles

by Benoît Dugas

Beaumont Road

I took a walk on the Beaumont road
brown river
marsh of salt water
Ulysse made bays
could not see their face
could not see their eyes
of all the farmers
the old Acadians
what was the question

what was the callings

I took in riding my motorbike along the Memramcook road. On that small country road cutting across small woods, pass beside Fooly lake, on the night road, after 10 minutes of gentle moto swirling, you hit the big hill going down in the valley, at the bottom there is a marsh and the gate of the marsh there is the Metro gas station in bright fluo green and white, where the government installed a job bank computer posted out of order. You pass the gas bar and the street lights stop following you, you feel the temperature drop a few degrees on that summer night. I park the moto, take a breath, look at the stars, hear the insects busy with gods knows what, sex, food, or rolling cigarettes in the marsh, Then we both feel it, stronger than a blinking neon sign, the spirits. We see all the spirits of the hundreds of people, Acadian, Micmacs, English people, Irish people, well everybody that worked the land, or passed through it, or made love on it, or got killed on it. But I see mostly the people working the land, their spirit, that is.

I took a ride
on my motorbike
on the memramcook road
to the great marsh
under the starlight
and we could see them walk
all the old spirits
of the Acadians
micmacs and english folks
over centuries
under the starlight

I went twice at Gary Paynes place. He is a bachelor living in the mist of hundreds of smashed up cars. He runs a car salvage yard. The story goes that he had a wife and children and a big job being an engineer or someting. For whatever reason he let that go. Now he is a dirty, long beard folk legend, with an incredible memory, a funny character. The first time I went there with Helium head, he was looking for a battery of some sort. After seeing a nice old bus on the lot, I went to Gary and asked him if it would run. He said: "The cars that come here are dead and they stay dead." The second time I went there, I was looking for a seat belt. Gary said he din't think he had any. He thought about it, turned around to the two young guys in the pick up who came for the really pleasant kick of listening to Gary, then he said:

-well there is the car that got smashed last week../where those two persons died... oh no I would feel really bad to give you those seat belts.

Nope we did not want those either. Then he asked my family name.

-Dugas

-from Caraquet?

-yes

-you know their was a Dugas who came to pick up a Studebaker truck around here in 1956. I would really like to know where it is today.

My other friend told me that Gary was a Studebaker expert. Gary's no fool. He lives on top of a mountain on a dead end dirt road and owns a lot of lot of lots of land. That's not a fool to me.

I took a ride
past dorchester cap
windy talking
hills of large spruce trees
Chignecto halo
splited and owned
by some dreamer
and nice forgetters

And then I rode with Martin in somebody's pick-up to look for old houses for sale. While driving in the middle of an autumn afternoon sun, Martin told me the story of McMurray. This guy was 23 in 73. He had a job as a truck driver. He drove and repaired his truck 24 hours a day. He took all kinds of pills and drugs to stay awake. So after a few years of that, poor McMurray lost it, went over the top, hello crazy. So still as of today he just walks kilometers on kilometers all day. A few years ago the electricity went down at his place, so he climbed up the electrical pole and tried to fix it himself. He scared the pants off little Martin. One day he placed five tombstones in his backyard. On one of them was written the name of Martin. I guess it's a mix between a trickster and a witch.

I took a ride in the bourdres country
young wildster
crazy truck driver
speed on top of uppers
little mind mixer
new prophet of doom
kilometer counter

-des nanas.

-des nanas.

-c'est quoi une nana?

-une femme j'arriverai peut etre à la terminer en l'an 2000

-ta trilogie

-oui et puis il y a le projet des ateliers pour les scultures surealiste.

-et la pub pour l'afrique.

-and monday morning NYC.

-et il y as lili qui est parti de sartre city ou les philosophe nous passe 5000 pieds sur la tete.

-he relax mais le titre de tes trois livres me semble bien choisi Caroline, Beatrice, Jeanne.

-Merci c'est l'est le sud et l'ouest c'est mon oeuvre.

-et pourquoi te préoccupes-tu de faire une oeuvre megaloman de la culture?

****

****

******

JOLLERUP

What I am writing is babble. B-a-b-b-le. Blah. Blah. bLah. Nothing to say... except for babbled nothings. I have endured mental mutilation and various other torturous activities but nothing compares to the laborious nature of my task. Not to mention menotonously mental masturbatory quality of the writings. My brain. My brain.My brain my func-

tioning is properly. i ThiNk $? So, let's talk about boredom, shall we...? I'm beginning to groove on these little dots, you know these..... this space seems less... drab. Actually, it'"ssssssssssssss FfFfFfFfF—-uUUu...nnNN!!!

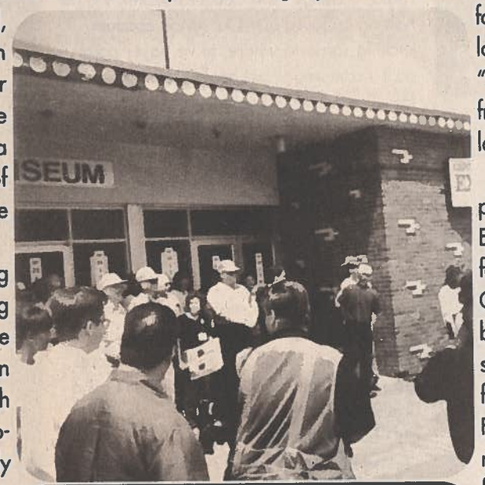
by Jim Bain

Let's hold that thought for a moment.

From the square in front of Fredericton City Hall there is little to remind one of modern life. The buildings that surround the area are old brick and wood frame structures. Painted in bright, cheery colors of red, white, and yellow, they house old book stores, lunch counters, and clothing retailers. One can sit in the shade of the trees surrounding the fountain in front of City Hall and imagine that the place hasn't changed in decades.

It's Saturday, June 24, sunny and hot. Perfect protest weather. This is Gay Pride Weekend, and organizers of the event in Fredericton have joined with other groups in the city (such as the International Socialists) to stage a march on the Confederation of Regions' leadership convention at the Capitol Exhibit Centre.

The local gay helpline's recording has told people to begin assembling at City Hall around noon for the march to the Smythe Street convention location. At 11:45 it looks as though they are going to live up to the stereotypical ideal of arriving fashionably late, as the only people in the square are two teenagers and an elderly couple sitting on the fountain.



CoR supporters on the left...

At 11:55 people have started to show. Dressed in shorts and t-shirts, four men have gathered and start to talk about the heat. At 12 sharp the rainbow flags arrive, and a hint of modern life invades the square as pink triangles and red ribbons of remembrance are in evidence among the arriving crowd. Three people unroll a large banner by the fountain facing Queen Street. "SMASH RACISM... DÉFENDS LES ACADIENS... OPPOSEZ COR!... INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISTS" it screams in large red and black letters. Another banner is unfurled, this one proclaiming, "HATE IS NOT A FAMILY VALUE!".

By 12:15 twenty-two people have gathered for the march. A man with a megaphone gets up on the edge of the fountain. He starts to fire up the crowd with a history of the CoR Party. According to him, it is the result of the union of back room Tories such as Max White and Danny Cameron and the old Society of English Canadians who once said that the Acadian part of the province should be fenced off from the rest. He finishes by outlining CoR's connections to the right-wing fringe of Canadian politics and yells at the crowd, "Stick the racism label on them good and hard!"

James Whitehead of the Fredericton Lesbians and Gays (FLAG) then takes the loud speaker and tells the crowd that "Bigotry results in violence towards gays and lesbians." He is followed by a teenager representing local schools. His message is simple: "The CoR Party stinks! Thay are anti-french, anti-women, anti-gay, anti-labour, and racial bigots."

The first speaker regains his megaphone and outlines the route to the Exhibit Centre. The crowd finally forms up and starts off in pursuit of CoR. "Racist, sexist, anti-gay... CoR bigots go away!" and "Gays, straights, black, white. All unite to fight the right!" echo among Fredericton's stately homes. Passerbys react with worldly bemusement. A few frowns, many smiles, a few expressions of puzzlement are seen on the faces of people as the march passes the usual Saturday afternoon traffic. No police and no media cameras are following the event. No one joins in.

The march reaches the Exhibit Centre and now the police are around. Two squad cars park within sight of the main entrance to the building, as the media finally surround the protesters. Two lines form. One, across the front of the building, made up of curious CoR supporters; the other, the march lined up opposite them, backs to the parking lot.

The protesters start to chant in earnest as the megaphone man begins to repeat his history of the CoR Party. One woman strides out to the marchers and begins to shout at them as television cameras descend on her. Perhaps realising that she is going to be "Alive at Five" she retreats back to the party members.The chants continue as the marchers try to bait the CoR supporters into doing something stupid. They seem to take all of this quite calmly and smile for the cameras. One woman, holding several Ewart signs, actually claps at some of the statements.

Then, an exciting moment! One of the CoR supporters surges foward, shouting at the protesters. His face is inches from the man holding the megaphone and the TV cameras are circling like vultures. A woman standing beside this reporter whispers to herself, "Mom, get Dad out of there!" as the confrontation lasts for several more seconds. A group of men detach themselves from the front of the building and surround the shouting man, urging him back, back away from the protesters.

For all intents and purposes the protest is now over. Greg Hargrove comes out of the Centre and accuses Frank McKenna of racism, but it's anti-climatic and everyone on all sides starts to wander off. This reporter finds himself standing beside the shouter and his daughter, still red faced and angry.

... gay supporters on the right.

He is John Hagerman, a retired officer from the New Brunswick Highway Patrol, and he is upset about being called racist. He was in the civil service and he says that he knows what it was like. "Ninety percent" of civil servants now have to be bilingual or they get pushed out. It isn't racist to say that "government business should be in one language. I'm of German descent, but you don't see me asking for service in German!" The man is impassioned and really hurt by the racist label. He turns to leave with his daughter and another younger woman. His daughter tries to calm him, assuring him that the protesters are just, " a bunch of friggin' faggots". "Yeah," says the younger woman, "just a bunch of fruits!" Mr. Hagerman, the man who isn't a racist, seems to take comfort from this.

The afternoon passes. At 5pm there is a BBQ and "mini-olympics" at the Agriculture Canada Picnic Grounds on the Lincoln Road. It is a beautiful site, high on a hill overlooking the city and the river. The bridge, soaring above perfect blue water, sparkles in the bright sun.

Between 25 and 30 men and women have gathered here to eat, talk, and play. Smells of cooking beef, chicken, and fish float on the still-early evening air and the sounds of conversation are light and happy. The rainbow flag, symbol of gay pride, is flying boldly on the crest of the hill by the road, directing people to the site. At first glance, this group looks no different than any large gathering: a family or maybe an office party. If someone looked closer though, one would notice that the men are paired with other men, holding hands, hugging, kissing; and the women with women.

At one point, a taxi pulls up and a young red-headed man of about 18 gets out. Another 20 something guy in a red t-shirt looks up and almost dances to the cab's door. "It's his new boyfriend," someone explains as looks of delight, pride, and love are evident on the two men's faces.

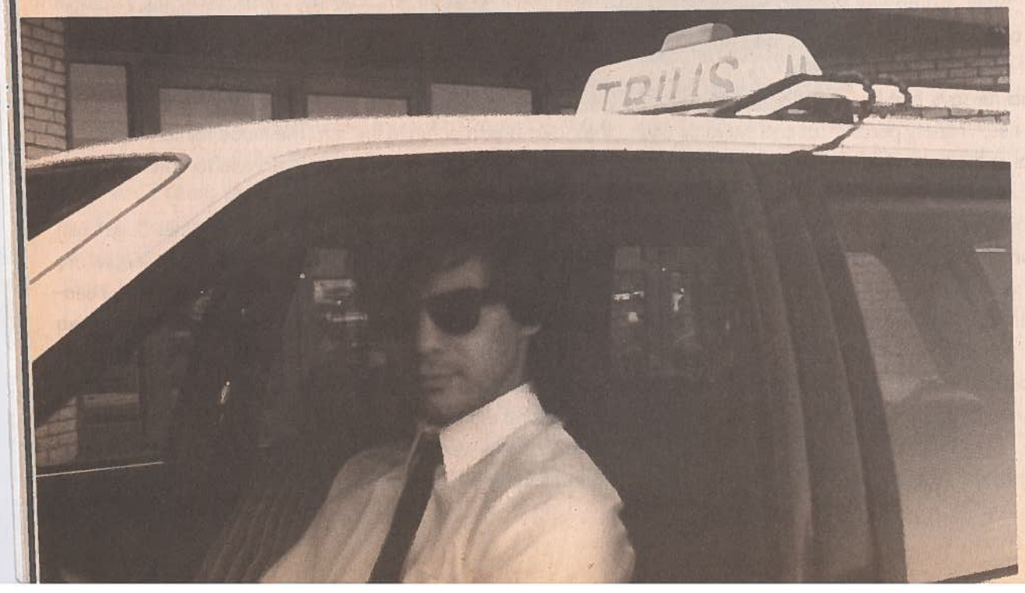
A little while later, the sounds become hushed as a group of young straights, both male and feamle, mount the hill. The straights look surprised by what they have come upon, but soon commandeer some tables at the far end of the field and begin their own brand of fun in the sun. The mood lightens again, as the theme of the day emboldens everyone to continue to be themselves no matter who is watching.

By 8:30, the day is winding down. The games have been played, the prizes given out, the food devoured. People are now starting to think of the night to come, and the work needed to get ready for the night club and dancing. One young blonde fellow is asking the men around him how his hair looks. It's been a good day, as "a bunch of friggin' faggots" have expressed themselves and their love with honour and pride. For one weekend they have been themselves in public; perhaps the most expressive and daring protest of all.

ESPIONNAGE

PAR PAUL BOSSÉ, PHOTOS MARIO DOUCETTE

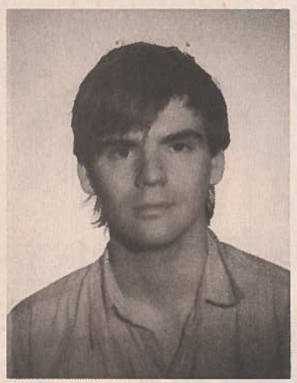
La ballade du Taximan empaillé...

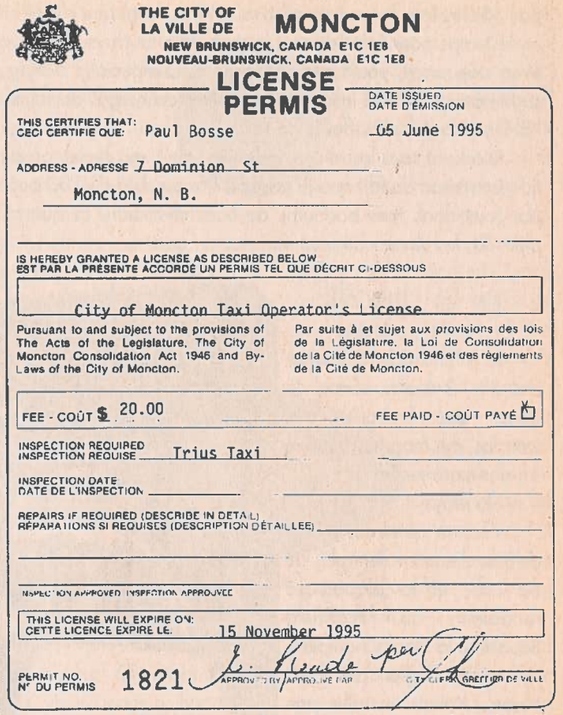


A- Comment se faire pickpocketer légalement

Lorsque *Vallium* m'a contacté pour que je mène une enquête Top Secret sur la «Taxi Scene» à Moncton, je me suis dit que la méthode la plus efficace serait de m'infiltrer dans le réseau en obtenant un poste de chaffeur de taxi. Après tout, j'avais vu le film *Taxi Driver* quatre fois alors je savais un peu à quoi m'attendre.

Comment devient-on Taxi Driver? C'est bien simple: on achète un Times & Transcript (journal), on ouvre à la section Classifieds et on trouve l'annonce - Wanted, Taxi Drivers - on appele le numéro inscrit et hop, le tour est joué. Tout ce qui reste ensuite c'est... BEAUCOUP.





THE CITY OF LA VILLE DE **MONCTON**
NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA E1C 1E8
NOUVEAU-BRUNSWICK, CANADA E1C 1E8

LICENSE PERMIS

DATE ISSUED / DATE D'ÉMISSION: 05 June 1995

THIS CERTIFIES THAT: / CECI CERTIFIE QUE: Paul Bosse

ADDRESS - ADRESSE 7 Dominion St
Moncton, N. B.

IS HEREBY GRANTED A LICENSE AS DESCRIBED BELOW / EST PAR LA PRÉSENTE ACCORDÉ UN PERMIS TEL QUE DÉCRIT CI-DESSOUS

City of Moncton Taxi Operator's License

Pursuant to and subject to the provisions of The Acts of the Legislature, The City of Moncton Consolidation Act 1946 and By-Laws of the City of Moncton.

Par suite à et sujet aux provisions des lois de la Législature, la Loi de Consolidation de la Cité de Moncton 1946 et des règlements de la Cité de Moncton.

FEE - COÛT $ 20.00 — FEE PAID - COÛT PAYÉ ☑

INSPECTION REQUIRED / INSPECTION REQUISE: Trius Taxi

INSPECTION DATE / DATE DE L'INSPECTION

REPAIRS IF REQUIRED (DESCRIBE IN DETAIL) / RÉPARATIONS SI REQUISES (DESCRIPTION DÉTAILLÉE)

INSPECTION APPROVED / INSPECTION APPROUVÉE

THIS LICENSE WILL EXPIRE ON: / CETTE LICENCE EXPIRE LE: 15 November 1995

PERMIT NO. / N° DU PERMIS 1821 — APPROVED BY / APPROUVÉ PAR — CITY CLERK / GREFFIER DE VILLE

La photo de passeport (requis pour conduire un taxi), et le permis de la ville de Moncton pour opérer un taxi. Notez que Paul Bossé ressemble à un criminel.

1- Visiter son médecin pour un «medical» qui prouve qu'on est digne de conduire un vehicule (25$).
2- Réécrire le même vieux test écrit chiant qu'on a subi des millénaires passés pour recevoir son «beginners» (3$pour le livre de code de route).
3- Reprendre le test de conduite et l'infâme «parallel parking» pour obtenir un permis «Class 4» qui autorise la conduite d'un taxi (20$ pour le test, 8$ pour le nouveau permis).
4- Recevoir une lettre officielle de la compagnie de taxi disant qu'elle veut t'engager (gratuit).
5- Se peigner les cheveux soigneusement pour faire prendre deux photos de passeport à un studio de photographie (15$).
6- Se rendre au commisseriat de police avec la lettre officielle et les belles photos pour recevoir une autorisation de la ville de Moncton pour opérer un taxi (gratuit, mais on vérifie ton dossier).
7- Aboutir à l'Hotel de Ville pour faire imprimer ton permis d'opérateur de taxi (20$).

Vive la bureaucratie moderne qui soustrait les sous de nos poches avec un arsenal de méthodes frustrantes! On m'a pickpocketé 91$, mais je m'en suis sorti avec la permission officielle de donner des drives aux bons citoyens de Moncton.

B- Training

Une session d'entraînement très rigoureuse de deux heures de conduite avec un vétéran taximan fut mon «on-the-job training». Le lendemain, ma nouvelle vie allait commencer.

C- La vie dans la rue

Puisque je n'étais qu'un débutant, on m'a assigné au «day-shift». On m'avait averti que le jour, il n'y avait pas grand stir, surtout au mois de juin. «Bon temps pour apprendre le métier.»

La ville de Moncton est divisé en 9 zones. À chaque fois qu'on traverse d'une zone à l'autre, il faut «booké in» dans la nouvelle zone en signallant son numéro, et la zone qu'on envahit, au dispatcher: «Six five in the Brae» indique que je viens d'entrer dans la zone de Sunny Brae. S'il n'y a pas d'autres taxis dans cette zone, le dispatcher va me placer 1er là. N'importe quel appel provenant de cette zone sera legué à moi. Malheureusement, «the Brae» n'est pas une zone très active alors ça ne vaut pas grand chose de hanger out là, même si on est premier. Alors on se déplace au «Square» (la région de Highfield Square), ou au Centre-ville; les happening spots où l'on se trouve souvent 3e ou 4e. Il faut essayer d'être au bon endroit au bon temps de la journée pour recevoir des appels, mais laissez-moi vous dire, pendant l'été, les Monctoniens marchent beaucoup, conduisent leurs vélos, prennent leurs bateaux... mais n'utilisent que très rarement un taxi.

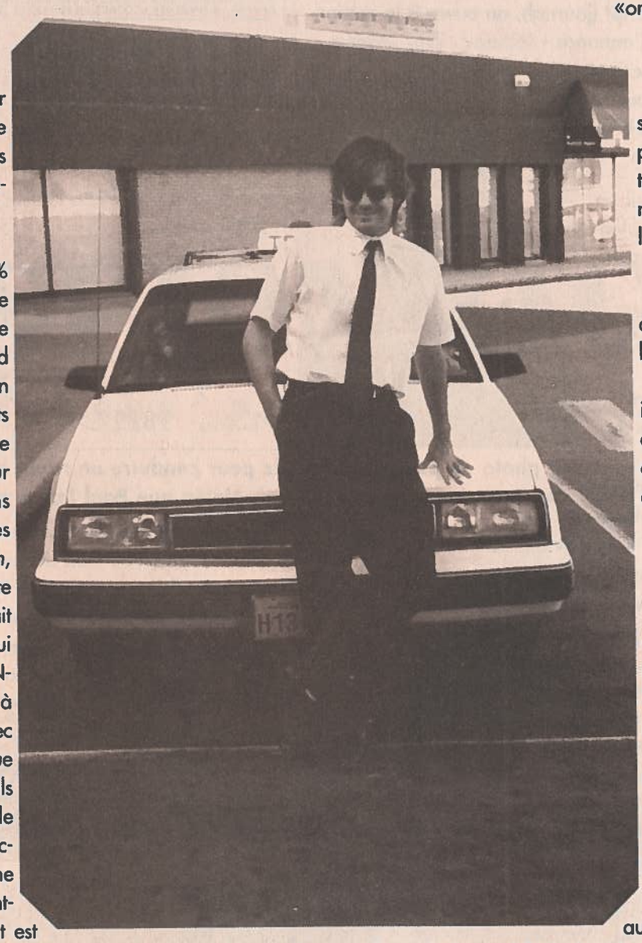
Pendant tout le mois de juin, j'ai imité un lézard qui frit au soleil dans un désert de béton, s'activant environ une fois par heure pour bailler une ride à un client.

Je travaillais 6 jours par semaine, de 5h du matin jusqu'à 15h (parfois même 17h). Combien d'or remportais-je avec ces 60 à 72 heures de travail par semaine? Environ 200$! Même

pas 4$/hr. Tous les autres cabbies m'ont assuré que c'est l'hiver, le temps pour faire du major cash. «Some days, you won't even stop once, you'll get call after call, especially during a snowstorm.» Quelle ironie, les tempêtes de neiges deviennent l'El Dorado des chauffeurs de taxis.

Rôtissant sous les micro-ondes du soleil, ma seule consolation provenait du fait que je pouvais lire au-delà de 100 pages par jour dans mes bouquins de Science-Fiction. Et quand il pleuvait, les choses allaient mieux... un peu.

D- La clientèle



Je m'attendais à donner des lifts à toutes sortes de gens: des fryballs, des weirdos, des maniacs-dépressif, des extra-terrestres...

No way!

J'estime qu'environ 78% de mes clients avaient plus de 60 ans; et la plupart se rendaient au Highfield Square, à la Place Champlain ou à leur Foyer des P'tits Vieux. J'avais installé une mini-enregistreuse pour capter des conversations étranges pour ensuite les retranscrire dans *Vallium*, mais j'ai vite abandonné cette pratique puisqu'il n'y avait même pas un mot inusité qui est ressorti de ces CAB CONVERSATIONS. C'est plutôt à travers mes discussions avec mes collègues cabbies que j'ai appris un peu de détails sur la «seediness» de Moncton. Si tu veux plus d'action, il faut faire comme Deniro et devenir un night-time Taxi Driver, car la nuit est beaucoup plus happening que le jour. La nuit, on peut donner des rides à des prostituées qui offrent de payer leur fare avec leurs aptitudes professionnelles. La nuit, des soûlards envahissent les rues et demandent parfois une ride jusqu'à Sussex ou même St-Jean. La nuit, les clients payent parfois en troquant de la weed.

La nuit, c'est un autre ball game et j'ai démissionné avant de pouvoir progresser jusqu'au night shift. Dommage.

E- Le dispatcher

La voix garblée du dispatcher (qui parle trop près de son micro) annonce: «Six Five, 273 Highland View». Si tu as le malheur d'avoir trop de cire dans les oreilles à ce moment et que tu n'arrive pas à bien capter cette transmission vitale... tu d'mandes pour! Timidement, tu réponds: «Six Five, could you repeat that please?» Le dispatcher: «What, were you sleeping or what... TWO...SEVEN...THREE...H-I-G-H-L-A-N-D-V-I-E-W!» Le dispatcher est toujours maraboue, oh yeah, y'est maraboue! Une des seules choses entertaining du métier c'est d'écouter le dispatcher blaster les chauffeurs qui ne sont pas «on the ball».

F- Tips

De nos jours, les gens sont-ils généreux avec les pauvres petits cabbies courtois et serviable qui portent même les groceries jusqu'à la cuisine?

Pas souvent.

En moyenne, la moité des gens laissent des pourboires.

Dans une journée typique, je recevais environ 4$ de pourboires, donc mes clients laissaient 30¢ à 40¢ de pourboire par ride.

G- Conclusion

Les cabbies sont fous.

Ils conduisent leurs autos comme si le code de la route ne s'appliquait pas à eux et ils passent l'énorme majorité de leur existence dans leur coquille véhiculaire, faisant souvent des «double-shifts» où ils conduisent pendant 24 hr. pour se ramasser du extra cash.

La seule façon de ce faire autant d'argent que n'importe quel regular job (40 hr.), c'est d'amasser 70, 80, même 90 hr. par semaine dans son taxi. De la folie pure!

Le cabbie qui m'a engagé m'avait averti que la vie de taxi altérait radicalement ton comportement. C'était arrivé à lui et à tous les autres. Il s'était mis à fumer, perdre patience plus rapidement, et était devenu plus cynique face à la vie. D'autres commencent à popper des bennies, perdent leur vie sociale et attendent l'hiver avec impatience.

Heureusement, avant d'être irrévocablement intégré dans le monde des vulture-cabbies, j'ai décidé de sortir de ma voiture.

clRCle square

by Guy-François Bourgeois

It's a pretty amazing thing that you can't pick up a magazine without there being at least one "How to get on the internet" article. As the obvious market commodity it has become, the very use of the word "internet" generates a flow and a satchel of ideas mostly unthought off 10 years ago and it's spreading at quite a rate faster than television ever did. I was 13 years old ten years ago. I had a bike with big springs and a fake gas tank, a Vic 20 and I thought the world was a closed space. Boy, was I ever wrong.

One can appreciate the noticeable absence of these conservative types that appeared during the television rush going: "Oh, the internet, it's a phaze and will go away soon". Even the most thick-headed can appreciate the internet's power and usefullness.

Maybe Marshall McLuhan, author of "Understanding Media", was right when he said "We become what we behold." and that "We shape our tools and thereafter our tools shape us". We are presently being shaped in the narrow end of a funnel that opens up to unimaginable things. It's going to get pretty crazy out there very soon...

In the preface to McLuhan's mind-numbing "Understanding Media", Lewis H.Lapham says of McLuhan that he "examined the diktats of the two technological revolutions that overthrew a settled political and aesthetic order: first, in the mid-fifteenth century, the invention of printing with movable type encouraged people to think in straight lines and to arrange their perceptions of the world in forms convenient to the visual order of the printed page; second, since the late nineteeth century, the new applications of electricity (telegraph, telephone, television, computers, etc) have taught people to rearrange their perceptions of the world in ways convenient to the protocols of cyberspace. Content follows form, and the insurgent technologies give to new structures of feeling and thought."

We're at another marker, another revolution. We're on the edge of a very deep sea indeed. The sea of thought and non-physical things. A lot of people can't forsee a morning without a newspaper and a cup of coffee. It is not a bad trait to love things. However, it is wrong to resist change under premise that it will ruin everything. If you don't move, you're going backward because everyone else is moving forward. Can't be done you say. No amount of technology will ever make me want to leave the comforts of a warm bed on a rainy Fall Sunday you say. Maybe not us. Certainly not our parents. They still find it strange that I've gone to an actual bank counter fewer times that I have fingers. But our children and theirs, what of them?

Most of us seem to forget that without the biased frame of reference that we carry around, they are destined to become and do things that we'll probably never understand.

What of the people who get married, never having met but in the world of the internet? Are they simply longing, hopelessly clinging people or are they evolved humans? What has happened to the physical side of human relationship in that context? Sure, you'll have the everclear spiritual saying that minds take all over the physical and that physical is very secondary to psychological attraction. In it's purest form though, think of how intense that is in comparison to a millennium ago when the physical was, not out of anything but the exact meaning of survival, all mighty. But these days, who cares if the woman or the man in the married scenerio is sterile and therefore unable to reproduce?

There's a lab downtown that'll cather to their wants. And in another 5 years, along with the increasing availability of technology, who knows how many? And who knows for what purposes?

It doesn't frighten me as much as fascinates me. The way humans are evolving into space creatures. Space here defined as the boundless interior of the mind, or the computer, or both together, tangled in a web.

I saw my first ad for a world wide web festival in a magazine the other day. The first festival where everything happens in a place we cannot define and that we will never be able to define. A place that holds as many images as the minds that will make it live can hold. There will not be washroom lineups, there will not be food shortages and there will definetley not be mud. Of course there won't be the physical pleasure of girls or boys either. But what if there was? What then? If you and I could gear up, or not even... if we could simply sit down and be one with each other at the mere thought of it. But then physical attraction will surely be regarded as a funny aspect of human relation history by someone looking in in another millennium or two.

So what happens when the pros of an internet festival outweight, and by far outweight, the cons of a physical one? Do we turn into vegetables or do we evolve? I like to think it's going to be the latter.

It's no wonder we presently

more Internet on page 29

AbFab
An *Absolutely Fabulous* British television comedy.

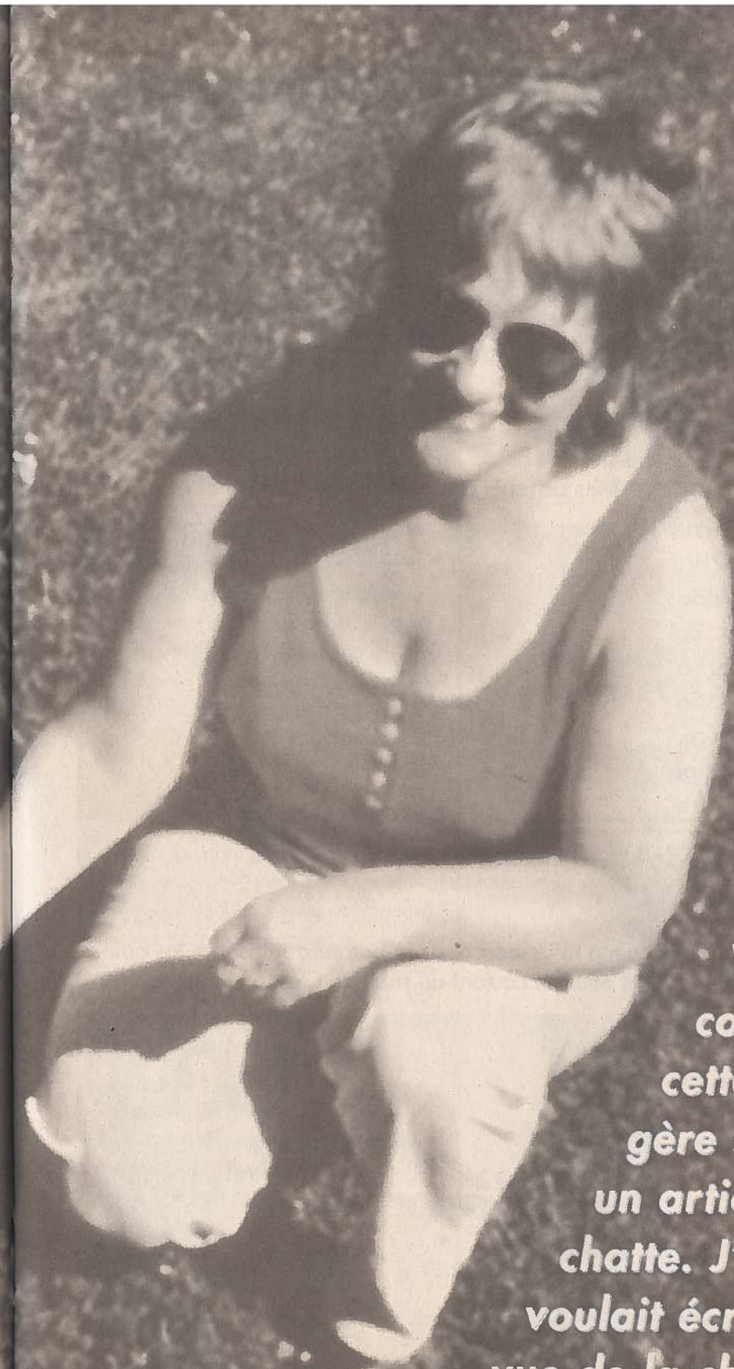
BRB
Stands for "be right back".

MorF
(Male or Female)
When someone asks if you're male or female, you've been "MorFed!".

Usenet
A network for distributing news items; originally set up in 1979 with Duke University as the central hub. This makes up what we now refer to simply as newsgroups.

spam
To send identical postings to many different, and often inappropriate, newsgroups (a nasty thing to do); also, a trademark of Hormel.

Missy



Note de l'éditeur: Ma mère est une lectrice fidèle à Vallium. Mais elle ne comprend pas toujours cette revue, et elle me suggère souvent de présenter un article à-propos de sa chatte. J'étais d'accords. Elle voulait écrire un article du point vue de la chatte. En tournant la page, vous allez voir l'absurdité de son travail.

texte par Denise Doucette, photos par Mario Doucette

Mon nom est Missy, et je suis née à Cocagne d'une famille de 5. Je restais avec un homme qui m'abusait physiquement.

Alors un jour, j'ai été chanceuse quand qu'une personne, que j'appelle ma tante, est venue me chercher. Elle me trouvait belle d'une couleur multicolore et à grand poil. J'ai resté chez elle jusqu'à l'âge de 3 mois. Et un jour des personnes, que j'appelle asteur mes parents adoptifs, me voulaient. Maintenant, j'habite là.

J'habitais dans un mobile home. Ma mère, un jour, décide de faire un gâteau à Mario, son garçon. Le gâteau sentait si bon alors que j'ai décidé d'aller le goûter. Ma mère était fâchée, car j'avais fait des grosses pistes dedans.

Un jour, j'ai pris malade. Ma mère et Mario étaient inquiets, alors ils m'ont amené au vet. En m'examinant, le docteur me dit de slaquer à manger des souris car ça me donnait des vers. So il m'a donné des pillules à prendre et une piqûre. Ouch! J'étais assez nervous, quand sortant, j'ai pissé dans la boîte et ils ont manqué me perdre dans le parking lot.

J'aime Mario. Je couche toujours dans son lit et je m'endors toujours avec de la musique alternative.

Un jour, la voisine se décide de se faire un petit jardin. J'aimais aller faire mes tas dedans. Elle n'aimait pas cela, et elle n'aimait pas les chats. So elle a téléphoné ma mère: «Si tu ne décolle pas ton chat dans mon jardin, je vais appeler la police.» Un autre jour, elle voulait téléphoner le SPCA pour me faire ramasser. Ma mère avait eu assez d'elle so mes parents ont décidé de démenager à la campagne. Quelle horreur! J'avais perdu tous mes amis. J'étais au désespoir. Je ne dormais pas. Ma mère passait des nuits deboute avec moi, et elle essayait de me consoler. Mais je braillais tout le temps. Ça m'a pris 6 mois à m'habituer. Asteur j'aime bien cela.

Je vais avoir 11 ans cet automne. Je chasse encore les souris et je cours après les écureuils.

Missy

Mes parents adoptifs: Eddie, Denise et Mario.

J'aime m'asseoir dans la bathtub. J'observe les goûtes d'eau qui coulent du robinet. C'est fort intéressant.

Je parle beaucoup à ma mère. Elle me parle beaucoup de son jardin, dont j'aime faire des p'tites crottes. Je lui racontes souvent mes histoires de chasses. Je lui ramène souvent des p'tits oiseaux, des p'tits écureuils, et des p'tites souris.

only use about 13% of our minds. We've been chained to this physical world so long we almost have no use for them anymore. The only thing that makes the mind work in popular culture these days is a book and good conversation. However, with 1 out of 4 Americans that can't read, conversation is becoming somewhat of a lost art. I mean sure, we like to make fun of Americans but as a market segregation, they are quite representative of what's going on this planet. We all have these romantic visions of the rest of the world as being deeply into culture and art and intelligence but recent studies show that they are catching up, rapidly, to the declination that we're experiencing in North America.

When's the last time you had an exciting thought at Lollapoloza or whatever else festival catering to the masses? They try to provide for the "new age" but who really wants to climb over some sweaty Primus fan to get controls of a grimy keyboard which is connected to a nicely drawn homepage of some enterprising company? No, the learning and the thinking will take place in the home. Away from all of the crap dished out by the exterior and inside the lovely nowhere of cyberspace.

SorG
(Straight or Gay)
See "MorF".

The way we're going, we are destined to become much like caterpillars and butterflies. We'll shed out of our bodies soon enough and proceed to the next level. The level where we become globes of glowing light; or at least semi-hermits. And this coincides perfectly with the population problem. *Au fur et à mesure* that the population gets more into space by being allowed to efficiently bank through space for example and *au fur et à mesure* that the population as a whole is "allowed" to slowly seperate itself from society, will we not be reducing traffic, and pollution and a kyrielle of other things?

Of course there will be problems. Someone will have to get up and fix the house by house food delivery system if it fails. But that's just until we become light. Then we no longer need food. Just thought. And maybe a computer.

1. "Understanding Media: the extensions of man" by Marshall Mcluhan is available through the MIT press, Cambridge, Massachusetts & London, England. copyright 1964.

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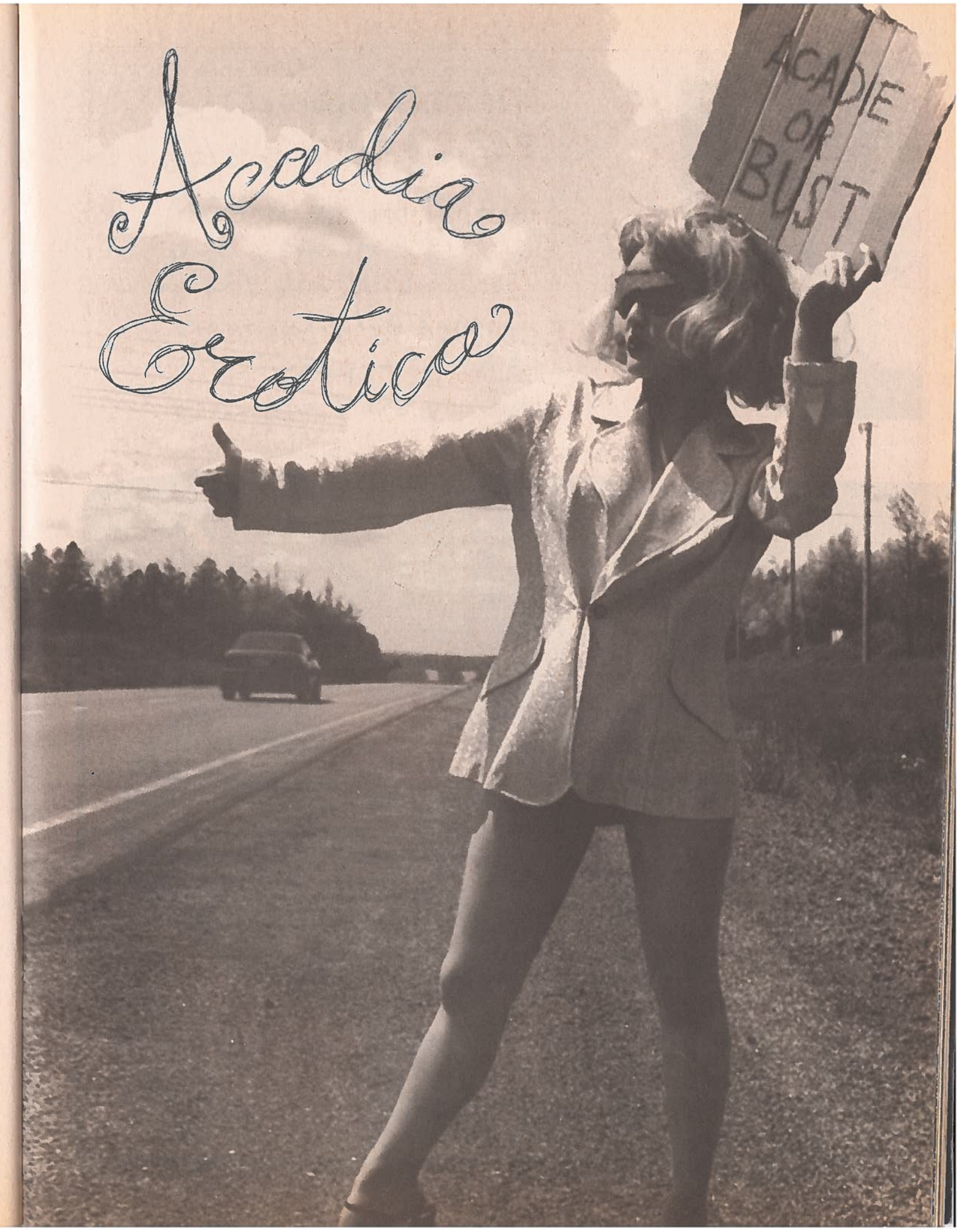


Ecoute mes rires
Entends mes pleurs
Mais laisse-moi te dire
que demain
c'est plus tard
vraiment plus tard
plus tard que la nuit
bien plus tard que la nuit
après le silence de la nouvelle lune
après l'aube et les rou-rou-rou du merle
perché à ta fenêtre
après les mésaventures du facteur
et sa photo dans le journal
bien après les snap crackle pop
de tes rice krispies
plus tard
plus tard que demain
plus tard que plus tard

laisse-moi te dire que malgré tout ça
je ne t'oublierai pas de si tôt
surtout que tu as gardé avec toi
a little piece of my heart

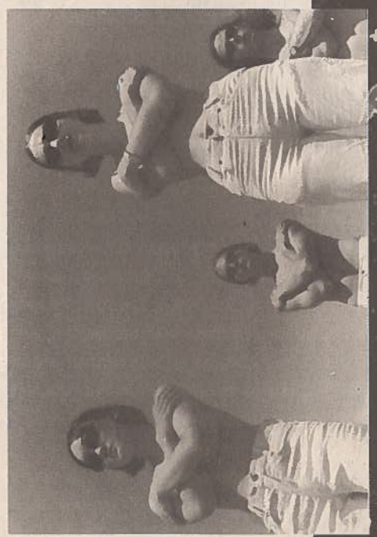
laisse-moi ...

Don't do that people will think it's real

et vlan!
je tombe
de tout mon long
mon âme et tout
je pars en voyage...

Crois que je t'aime encore
pour me rassurer que tout va bien
que tout est comme avant
quand ton sourire me faisait sourire
et que j'étais trop jeune pour comprendre
que les poètes en perdent la parole
et que les ménestrels lip sync à l'ouïe

entre poubelles et pissenlits
je contemple ce qui reste...
le ciel étoilé



Festival international du cinéma francophone en Acadie • Festival international du cinéma francophone en Acadie

FICFA 95 • FICFA 95 • FICFA 95 •

France Daigle

entrevue par Marc Arseneau
photos par Mario Doucette

Comme cadeau de fête, j'avais reçu le nouveau roman de France Daigle, 1953, chronique d'une naissance annoncée (aux Éditions d'Acadie). J'en faisais la lecture de ce livre dans le sous-sol de l'hôpital de la ville, au centre neurologique. En-dessous de la T.V., où des images d'Another World se défilaient, j'écoutais deux femmes d'âge avancées de Cap-Pelé et Ste-Marie parler s'interrogeant sur comment les jeunes font pour vivre aujourd'hui. Elles auraient vécu par ici en 1953. Leur authenticité me faisait plaisir alors qu' elles conversaient toujours avec des retours, passé-présent, présent-passé . 1953 avait pour moi un peu la même allure. De toute évidence, assis-là, cette convergeance sentais en réalité comme une vraie fiction. So...

France Daigle a sorti huit romans depuis 1980. Il y a une belle continuité dans son chemin d'écriture. Toutefois, à la sortie de la «Vraie vie» , son écriture change de façon radicale. «Que'que chose de nouveau» arrive à ses quarante ans. Curieux, je voulais savoir plus ou moins son évolution. Donc, installés, dans le sun-room, le soleil descendait et nous parlions. France, sa blouse boutonnée à son cou, ses dents grosses et souriantes . ses yeux gardait dehors de temps en-temps. Assise devant une image crochétée de la Sagouine, je la trouvais, as good as ever, drôle et ironique. L'enregisteuse sous la main, tasse à café dans l'autre, Push. Play. Start. Asteure. Vas-y.

Avant, il y avait de la peinture dedans avec de la terébantine so il fallait vraiment que je la lave pour commencer à boire dedans...

De quelle façon as-tu eu le goût pour l'écriture?

À l'école, je réussissais bien le français. Les analyses grammaticales, pour moi, étaient faciles et tout le monde les trouvait vraiment dures. Tu sais, les subordonnées et les principales. Il fallait toute mettre en parenthèses, souligner les verbes et faire les liens. Il me semble que cela a durée toute la septième ou la huitième année, peut-être même les deux. Je sais que je les trouvais comme des problèmes de mathématiques. J'aimais ça, mais pour la plupart des gens c'était : «mais pourquoi d'abord qu'il faut qu'on apprenne ça.» Et après, c'était impossible à faire. C'était tout à fait dans ma logique de comprendre un peu. Peut-être c'était alors une indication que j'avais de quoi qui n'était pas chez tout le monde. Je ne dirais pas que j'avais une facilité pour écrire, parce qu'y en avait d'autres qui écrivaient bien. Je ne dirais même pas que j'aimais plus ça que d'autres, mais c'était comme là. C'était de quoi que j'arrivais à faire assez bien. Je devais y prendre un certain plaisir. Je n'ai pas eu de révélations comme quoi un jour, je me suis réveillé et je savais que je voulais écrire. Je crois que je l'ai peut-être plus senti clairement, c'est-à-dire que j'avais de quoi à dire. Ça sonne gros là parce que je ne pourrais vraiment pas te dire vraiment qu'est-ce que j'ai à dire, mais c'est comme si je sentais que j'avais de quoi à exprimer. J'ai pensé à d'autres formes d'arts aussi. J'ai pensé au cinéma, à la musique, aux chansons et à la photographie. Je les ai effleuré mais finalement je voyais que je n'aimais pas ça tant que ça. Et, l'écriture a marché le plus pour moi, sans être une décision consciente que j'allais écrire. Plutôt, ça me convient.

Ton premier livre *Sans jamais parler du vent* a été fait en voyage, en partie?

Oui. Je suis partie et je suis allée à Paris pour écrire. C'était mon projet d'écriture. Écrire un livre à Paris.

Pour ce livre, tu as affirmé plus tard dans *L'Avant-texte* d'André Gervais: avoir «*voulu écrire un livre le plus détaché possible de tous lieux reconnaissables, un livre aussi individualiste qu'il s'en puisse, un livre pas acadien, quoi.*» Pourquoi avoir choisi cette voie étant donné le certain contexte d'affirmation d'une identité collective à l'époque?

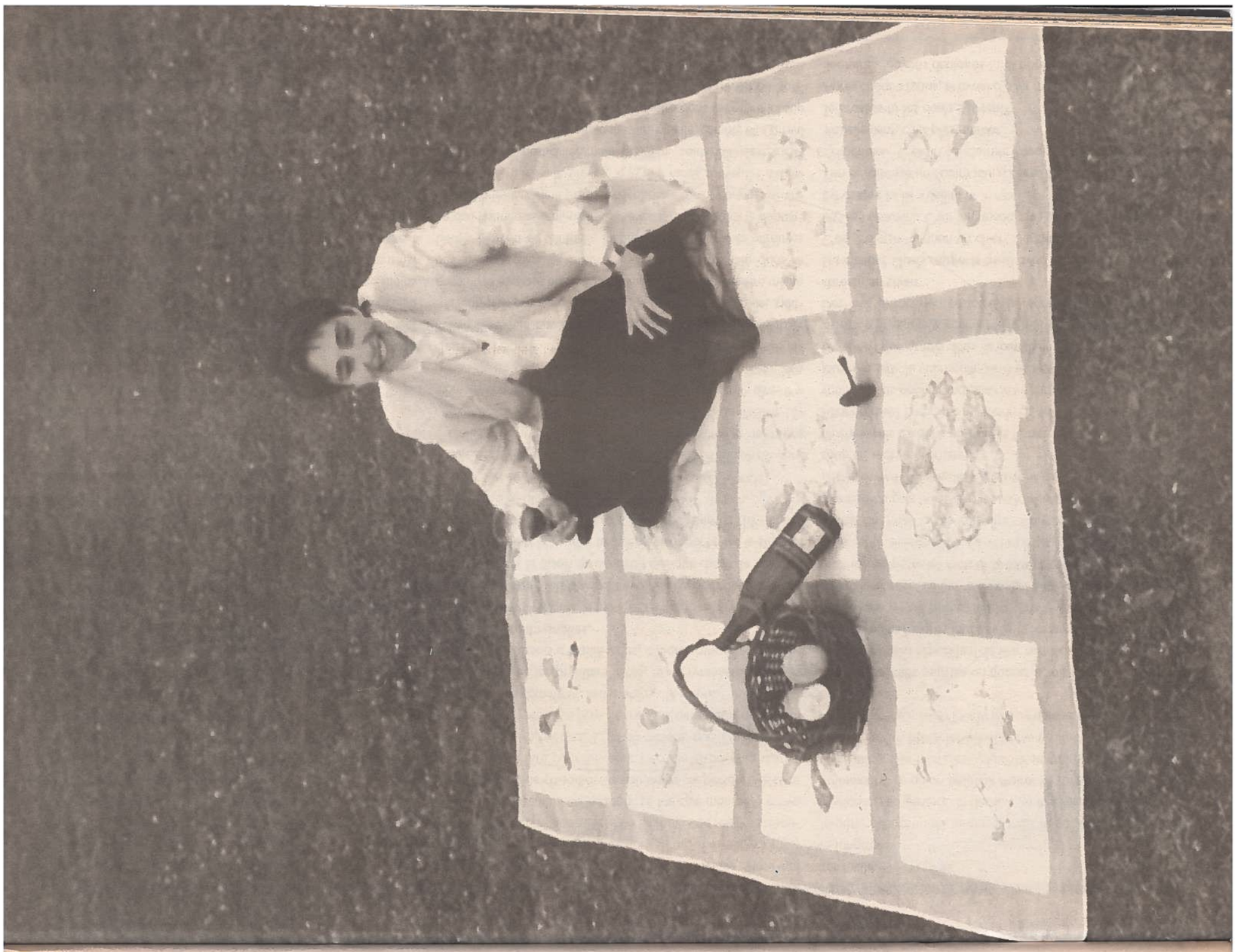
Moi-même ainsi que d'autres autour et dans ma famille, le nationalisme faisait partie de ce dont on discutait, sinon tous les jours, au moins à chaque semaine. Mon père était nationaliste, donc cela faisait partie de notre vie d'une manière. En 1970, quand est arrivé un gros réveil, j'avais autour de 18-20 ans. Entendre parler du nationalisme ne m'excitait pas. En fait, j'en avais eu assez. Je ne comprenais pas pourquoi tout le monde s'excitait pour ça. Je pensais : «asteure que je suis grande, je vais faire ce que je veux, je vais me détacher de ça un peu.

Tu étais sécure alors?

Oui, pour nous-autres c'était de l'assumer. C'était quand même de quoi qu'on connaissait, on savait qu'on était acadien et je voyais pas nécessairement de problèmes avec ça non plus. En fait, je ne suis même pas rendue compte que même dans ce temps là, je ne comprenais pas pourquoi le monde était si excité pour ça. Je ne reniais pas l'Acadie. C'était juste un «pourquoi eux-autres sont excité pour ça, aujourd'hui». Je croyais que tout le monde avait eu ça dans sa famille, d'une certaine manière. Je savais qui en avait qui ne l'avait pas eu. Mais je croyais que les gens en avaient plus de ce qu'ils avaient l'air de faire paraître. J'étais surprise. En même temps, j'étais une grande fille qui avait hâte de faire autre chose. Donc, le nationalisme ne m'a pas vraiment intéressé.

Pourquoi t'as senti que c'était important d'écrire *Sans jamais parler du vent?*

Parce que je ne parlais pas d'acadienneté. Dans *Sans jamais parler du vent*, je ne voulais pas m'approcher à l'identité acadienne pour mon écriture. Je ne voulais pas que cela soit mon identité littéraire. En vérité je ne voulais pas d'identité littéraire point. Cependant, j'aurais été tenté dans le premier livre de parler un peu comme je l'ai fait en *1953*. De nommer des choses. Et, je n'ai peut-être jamais dit ceci, mais je me suis retenue de le faire parce que je pensais que les gens allaient dire que c'était prétentieux. Ça fait que je me suis forcée d'écrire un livre impersonnel au maximum pour qu'on me mette nulle part, dans aucune catégorie, dans aucune vague. Je voulais m'associer à rien. Je voulais être claire tout de suite que je n'allais pas entrer dans un courant. J'allais écrire ce que je sentais que je voulais écrire. Dans ce sens là, je voulais me tenir loin de ce qu' était l'Acadie d'une façon, pas pour la renier, mais juste pour ne pas être contrainte par ça. Et, pour être



beaucoup plus large, je me suis restreinte pour qu'on ne dise pas : «ah bien, elle veut être meilleure que les autres, elle fait de quoi complètement éclaté, qui parle d'autres lieux et d'autres univers que de l'Acadie.» Donc finalement, j'ai écrit un livre un peu «corridor»; ni l'un ni l'autre. Unique dans le sens que tout le monde est unique.

Avec le temps, à partir de *La Vraie vie*, là tu commences à identifier les personnages, leur donner un sexe défini, un nom, un rôle...

Un sexe défini! Là, il faut le dire vite.

Mais tu as joué sur l'androgénie.

Je le joue encore, tant qu'à moi...

Mais tu leur donnes un lieu. Moncton est un lieu en *1953*...

Et le reste du monde aussi. Une manière alors pour ne pas me contraindre, si on veut. Pourtant ça que j'ai fait, j'ai eu envie de le faire dès le début. Mais je sentais que ça passerait pour quelque chose d'un peu prétentieux. Je sentais autant que les gens voulaient s'identifier à l'Acadie, faire ressortir et valoriser l'Acadie, je sentais que c'était difficile de ne pas faire partie de ce mouvement là, parce que c'était tellement généralisé. Donc, je ne voulais pas en faire partie parce j'en étais un peu tannée à cause de mon background en particulier, mais je ne voulais pas faire exprès pour me dissocier totalement non plus. C'était délicat et j'en étais consciente. C'est pourquoi j'ai essayé d'écrire un livre passe-partout finalement.

Bien, dans tes derniers livres, on les sent moins passe-partout, dans le sens que tu y rattaches des noms, etc.

On vit dans une époque moderne. Tout est très large. La vie est très large. Tu peux aller dans n'importe quel coin de la planète. Tu peux entendre parler et vivre presque sur une autre planète. Dans ce sens là, les univers sont beaucoup plus larges. On dirait que tout est plus possible.

Avec la sortie du roman *1953, chronique d'une naissance annoncée*, tu sembles être retournée à tes origines d'une certaine façon détournée, c'est-à-dire, l'année de ta naissance. Et ce retour, c'est un peu pour explorer le contexte, à la fois global et local. Pourquoi tu as trouvé cela nécessaire dans ton évolution?

Bien, je ne sais pas si j'ai écris ça comme résultat d'une grosse nécessité avec une «*n*» majuscule. Ce n'était pas une grosse affaire historique. Je n'avais pas de mission au départ. C'était comme un peu pour justement, comme tu le dis, connaître le contexte juste pour mon plaisir ou pour mon information essentiellement. Je ne savais pas qu'est-ce que cela donnerait parce que je ne savais pas qu'est-ce qu'était le contexte. J'avais quelques petites pistes. Il y a beaucoup de ces choses que j'ignorais totalement. J'ai eu alors beaucoup de surprises en faisant la recherche.

Comme quoi?

C'est des détails, mais essentiellement ce que j'ai gardé est ce que je trouvais intéressant. La plupart de ces choses-là étaient des surprises. Par exemple, Churchill a eu le prix Nobel en 1953... Churchill a eu le prix Nobel? Qui savait ça? Moi, je ne le savais pas.

Est-ce que Churchill était un personnage important pour toi?

Pas nécessairement. Mais c'était un personnage avec un «*p*» majuscule dans l'histoire. Sans parler avec l'autorité d'une historienne, je ne suis pas une historienne, mais juste sa grosseur physique, ses cigares, le whisky qui buvait, juste le personnage au premier niveau était déjà un personnage. Le rôle ensuite qu'il a eu dans les négociations de la fin de la guerre. C'est un homme qui se promenait dans tous les pays du monde, qui a vécu très vieux et qui a été actif jusqu'à un âge très avancé. Il est d'une certaine époque. Peut-être que l'époque a favorisée qu'il devienne ce personnage. Son histoire se passait bien loin de nous-autres. Mais peut-être pour quelqu'un comme moi qui aime s'amuser avec toutes sortes de contextes et s'aventurer dans toutes sortes de contextes, je trouvais que c'était intéressant de raconter cette histoire sur un plan et la petite histoire locale sur un autre plan. De plus, ma propre histoire, encore plus petite d'une manière. Si tu veux, il y a alors un jeu d'échelles.

Tu cherches, dans ce sens, à faire des rapports. Par exemple entre le Titanic et Moncton...

Oui. Ce qui est amusant parce que tout est dans tout. Et même si cette histoire là (du Titanic) est loin de nous-autres, il y a tout le temps de quoi qui t'en rapproche. Veux veux pas. L'histoire du couronnement de la reine, par exemple. Je savais que c'était dans ces années, mais j'ai jamais pensé à qu'est-ce que ça voulait dire. Pour moi, le couronnement de la reine ne veut pas dire grand chose, sauf venant de Moncton, où on a vécu avec des «God Save the Queen» à laquelle on n'attachait pas vraiment d'importance, c'est quand même présent. Quand tu entres dans une salle paroissale, le portrait de la reine est sur le mur. Sur tes timbres, aussi. C'est pas de quoi qui me hante mais c'est quand même présent. Dans ce sens là, l'histoire de montrer le Titanic à minuit au cinéma à Moncton le même jour que le couronnement de la reine, j'ai trouvé ça drôle.

Justement, comme tu parlais, c'est présent dans la réalité. Ta recherche est assez particulière, si tu veux nous en parler... Quelle sorte de fiction aurait-tu trouver aussi dans cette part de réalité, toi ayant crée une fiction?

J'ai construit ma fiction. J'ai fait les rapports que je voulais. Si tu demandes à n'importe qui d'autres d'écrire sur l'année 1953, il n'écrirait probablement pas ça.

J'avais l'impression parfois de voir une émission de PBS surtout sur l'affaire du roi Edouard et la duchesse de Windsor. J'avais vu un documentaire qui rapportais les mêmes événements que tu rapportait dans ton livre...

J'ai quand même pas inventé les faits, les faits sont là. Sauf, c'est raconté de mon point de vue: une femme de 42 ans qui a vécu avec ça autour d'elle sans trop savoir qu'est-ce que ça voulait dire. Et elle décide un jour; « ah, ben, c'était qui le duc de Windsor et la duchesse de Windsor? Ah, c'est quand même intéressant. Il y a un roman juste là sans que t'aies rien à faire avec.» Sauf comment je me serais approprié de ça autrement, je m'aurais jamais décidé de m'asseoir pour écrire l'histoire du duc et la duchesse de Windsor. Ça ne m'intéresse pas vraiment. Ça m'intéresse dans la mesure où ça fait partie de mon monde et cela fait partie d'un univers beaucoup plus large. Tu peux alors mettre cette petite histoire en rapport avec d'autres et d'autres et d'autres ... Et finalement créer un univers avec toutes ses composantes. Donc, je ne suis pas partie avec UNE idée. Il y avait trois où quatre choses que je savais : la publication du *Degré zéro de l'écriture* (Roland Barthes), *L'Innomable* de Beckett, et savais que j'avais été malade, que mon père travaillait à l'*Évangéline*. Au bout de plusieurs mois de lecture de l'*Évangéline*, ce avec quoi j'ai fait ma recherche, je me rendais compte d'où il travaillait vraiment et qu'est-ce que ça voulait dire vraiment. Ce dont on parlait vraiment dans ce temps-là, et qu'est-ce que mon père devait avoir dans la tête pour faire ça. Tu sais, je ne savais

pas ça avant de commencer. Je n'avais pas vraiment une idée de l'époque, alors c'est pourquoi j'ai fait ma recherche.

As-tu un meilleur «grasp» sur cette époque?

Oui, mais il y a des choses que je vais oublier parce que je ne veux pas les retenir. Le plaisir a été d'écrire avec cette matière, de composer avec cette matière.

Tu es sortie d'une sorte de tradition familiale pour l'écriture. Comment était ton enfance et quelles sortes de souvenirs que l'écriture du roman t'a renvoyée?

Je ne suis pas allée trop loin dans mon enfance. Vraiment, j'ai joué avec l'année 1953. Je me suis amusée à imaginer qu'est que ça pouvait vouloir dire être la cinquième enfant. J'imaginais ma mère et la maison de Moncton.

Comment l'écriture était présente chez toi à cette époque?

À un an, elle était à peu près présente comme je la décrit. Pour moi, j'étais un bébé. Il n'y avait pas d'écriture là.

L'«Évangéline»...

Oui, et la diarrhée quasiment! Ce n'était pas ma vie et il n'y avait pas de mystères là. Si elle était présente, elle est présente comme je la fabule dans le livre. Ça dû se passer par quelque chemin pour se rendre à moi ou l'A.D.N. ... parce que c'est vraiment avec les années que toute s'est développé.

Connais-tu ta composition A.D.N.?

Non, je la connais pas. Mais...

Tu penses avoir des globules mutantes?

Ah non, j'ai juste dit ça de même. Un moment donné dans le livre, j'ai dit qu'en '53, ceux qui ont découvert l'A.D.N. avaient écrit leur article. J'essayais de voir ce qu'est l'A.D.N. et comment je pouvais le définir. J'ai lu un peu dans les sciences au moins pour une sorte de définition. C'est comment le corps transmet son hérédité... «*Le rôle crucial de l'A.D.N. comme transmetteur d'information dans la matière vivante*». Bien, si tu repenses à l'*Évangéline* dans l'Acadie comme transmetteur d'information dans la matière vivante, je faisais ce parallèle là.

Littérature aussi?

«*Ils identifierent les deux fonctions essentielles de l'A.D.N., celle de transmettre le code des cellules parentales à la descendance et en même temps celle d'exprimer ce code*». C'est une question de transmettre d'un bord et d'exprimer en même temps. Je trouve que c'est la fonction essentielle de l'écriture aussi. Quand tu écris, tu transmets quelque chose. S'il y a quelque chose qui reste, les gens peuvent aller voir tôt ou tard. En même temps, celui ou celle qui pratique l'écriture exprime une réalité, un sentiment ou un ensemble de versants. Le fait que mon père écrive à l'*Évangéline* que ça soit au niveau de sa vie personnelle et ce qu'elle a voulu dire pour lui, pour l'Acadie et pour les autres. C'est là-dedans que j'ai aimé me promener pour écrire ce livre. Je trouvais qu'à partir de là, tout se tenait. Il y a comme un lien à travers l'écriture.

En rapport avec tes premiers livres, tu ne remplissais pas tes pages, tu les laissais à moitié vides, à moitié remplies. Et maintenant, elles sont remplies.

Ça l'air de bien intriguer le monde ces histoires de pages.

Tu m'avais dit une fois que cela avait un rapport avec la question du silence. Tu disais qu'il y avait quelque chose de très caractéristique dans le psyché acadien en rapport avec le silence.

C'est vrai, mais je ne pense pas à ça ces temps-ci. Là, je suis plutôt bla, bla, bla, bla.

Mais le silence revient entre temps?

D'ailleurs, c'est encore dans 1953. Brigitte et Élizabeth sont dans le bureau. Elles ne se parlent pas vraiment. Elles ne savent pas quoi dire. Et, il est question de «L'Innomable» de Beckett. Un moment donné, on se rend à un point où il y a rien à dire. Il y a rien qu'on peut dire qui explique ou qui ajoute à l'état des choses, à l'état de la vie. C'est comme ça, un absolu. Même les mots ne peuvent pas coiffer ça. Si en Acadie, on y arrive plus souvent, plus proche à cet absolu, je ne sais pas si un lieu géographique favorise plus cela, comme la mer. Ou peut-être même pas l'Acadie plus qu'ailleurs. Je ne suis jamais allé dans le Grand Nord avec ses forêts infinies. Peut-être que tu retrouves un peu les mêmes sentiments d'être dans des lieux qui te dépasses et la parole devient presque secondaire. Dans ce sens, je n'ai pas de misère avec le silence, si je m'y rends souvent. Ce n'est peut-être pas particulièrement acadien, sauf que c'est facile d'imaginer le silence face à la mer. Très facile, comme être arrivé au bout de quelque chose. C'est peut-être dans cet esprit là que j'ai écrit *Sans jamais parler du vent*. La famille qui vit au bord de la mer. On dirait que le silence faisait partie de la maisonnée. Je n'ai pas vécu au bord de la mer, mais on dirait que c'est très facile de l'imaginer.

Le langage.

Je parle beaucoup du langage, mais je parle aussi de la communication en général. Et des fois, je trouves que les mots, contrairement à ce qu'on pourrait croire, ne favorisent pas la communication. Des fois, c'est plutôt le contraire, à créer des murs ou à créer des obstacles à la communication. Des fois, je parle du langage de même. Tout le monde entend pas la même chose dans les mots.

J'ai souvent cette impression quand je vois le monde danser au Kacho. Les gens répondent de leur corps aux sons et la lumière de différentes façons. Tout devant comme une danse baroque.

Je sais que je suis particulière au langage. Si quelqu'un va me dire une phrase simple, je ne vais pas analyser la personne, mais je vais peser les mots et je veux savoir ce que ça veut dire. Et là, si je sens que ça ne veut pas dire ce que la personne voulait dire, des fois je vais dire : «bien là, t'as dis ça; veux-tu dire ceci ou cela?» Je sais que je fait ça et probablement ça fait partie de ma déformation d'écrivain, parce qu'on pèse beaucoup les mots en écriture.

Quels sortes de défis ou projets te mets-tu pour l'avenir?

Ah mon dieu! Demain c'est vendredi. Je vais essayer d'aller travailler et pas appeler malade. Je vis ma vie pour le moment, un jour à la fois. Je vais continuer à écrire.

Qu'est-ce que tu fais dans ta journée?

Travail. J'aime mieux écouter de la musique que regarder la télé. Des fois, je fais rien en toute. Je regarde dehors. Des fois, je caresse un chien.

Les chiens? Quels rapports as-tu avec les chiens?

C'est vraiment mignon un chien. Surtout les nôtres. Tu leur parles, ils t'écoutent. C'est intéressant quelqu'un qui t'écoute.

Est-ce que tu lis «Vallium»

J'en ai ramassé un l'autre jour, j'ai regardé ça. Je trouve que ça s'améliore. C'était le dernier numéro avec «Cayouche». Visuellement, c'est plus attirant.

Te brosses-tu les dents souvent?

Après chaque repas, et avant d'aller me coucher, en filant la soie dentaire... Soyons dentaires ... et après, lave ton miroir.

GALERIE SANS NOM
présente

ART EN DIRECT 1995

TRANSIT

5 - 9 octobre 1995

cinq jours de création en direct avec :

Roméo Savoie, Rose Adams, Shirley DeSilva et Elio Pereira, Carl Zimmerman, Tom Henderson, Marc Dixon, Deanne Fitzpatrick et Bobby Nock

activités parallèles :

MERCREDI 4 OCTOBRE

Projection de films animés par Reg Hartt:
19h00 "Triumph of the Will",Théâtre Capitol, 8$ pré-vente / 10$ porte
21h30 "Surrealist Pot-pourri", Théâtre Capitol, 8$ pré-vente / 10$ porte
co-production GSN/Théâtre Capitol

JEUDI 5 OCTOBRE

12h00 Conférence par Léopold Foulem, artiste
Galerie d'art de l'Université de Moncton, U de M
(une présentation du département des arts visuels de l'U de M.)
18h00 **Ouverture officielle au Centre culturel Aberdeen:**
- Vin et goûter
- Vernissage de l'exposition d'Imago "Night Glow Highway" à la GSN
- Performance / installation "Psychic Propulsion Vessel III"
"The Great Balancing Act" à la Salle Sans Sous, GSN
20h30 - Concert "The Great Balancing Act", avec invité spécial "Helium",

VENDREDI 6 OCTOBRE

12h00 Conférence de Penny Cousineau, artiste
Galerie d'art de l'Université de Moncton, U de M
(une présentation du département des arts visuels de l'U de M.)
Projection de films animés par Reg Hartt:
19h00 "Triumph of the Will", Théâtre Capitol, 8$ pré-vente/ 10$ porte
21h30 "Sex & Violence Film Festival",Théâtre Capitol, 8$ pré-vente / 10$ porte
(co-production GSN/Théâtre Capitol)

SAMEDI 7 OCTOBRE

18h00 Souper et table ronde avec invités spéciaux - sujet: la censure,
Café Terra Nova, Centre culturel Aberdeen
20h00 "Comic Jam" et musique avec le groupe "Les Païens"
Pub "Angry Irishman", $3 (co-production GSN/Vallium)

DIMANCHE 8 OCTOBRE

10h à 18h Atelier de reliure de livres avec Guy Duguay,
50$ - inscription limitée, Centre culturel Aberdeen,
19h00 Projection de films et vidéos de cinéastes locaux, pub "Angry Irishman"

LUNDI 9 OCTOBRE

13h à 17h Tour des sites avec les artistes
20h00 Soirée de poésie - bar "Au deuxième", entrée gratuite
(co-production GSN / Association des écrivains acadiens)

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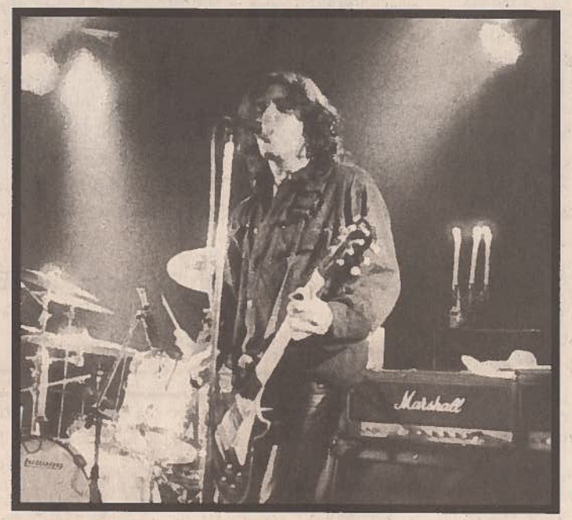


interview by Alain Léger
photography by Juli Forgues

Balance is that harmony which results from the analogy of contraries, it is the dead center where the opposing forces being equal in strength are united without subordination. The "beings" androgenous descend upon our world in different bodies both male and female in the form of The Great Balancing Act. Jeep (formerly of Planete X, Space Cactus, and Syntax Error) and Nina (vocalist/multi-instrumentalist) come to us from Montreal and various other places to create music in this microcosm of unbalanced forces we call Moncton...

Dan O: What is The Great Balancing Act?

Jeep: There`s a historical sort of happening with the name. I was just looking for a name and I knew it had to be Dr. Seuss inspired. So I went to a bookstore that had zillions of Dr.Seusses. I went through them all and the last one I checked... I forget what it was called. THE THINGS YOU WILL DO, something like that. It was the last book Dr. Seuss wrote I think before he died, and near the end somewhere it said something like: "Life is a Great Balancing Act". It was written capital G, capital B, capital A. That`s a title that kinda stuck in my head.

Dan O: It relates closely to the style of music you`re creating, as opposed to Planete X...

Jeep: Yeah, our music is pretty Dr. Seuss inspired in general, even Planete X seemed to have a Dr. Seuss/psychedelic influence. We seem to be more focused on strange creatures...

Dan O: Has your songwriting style changed ?

Jeep: No, not really. Working with Nina it`s probably become more positive. Working with Planete X it was a lot more on the darker side because I was working with people who were into more negative energies. Nina`s very positive and everything, that`s kind of balanced out the negative, the darker side that I was working on. So I think we`re achieving some sort of balance with what we`re doing.

Dan O: You have a flying saucer on the cover of your tape. Are you still interested in that subject?

Jeep: Yeah totally. Nina and I have done lots of space travel in the past year I`d say... since last October we`ve done time/space travel with our friend Wendy, who`s also a member of The Great Balancing Act.

Dan O: Is she a sentient being?

Jeep: Wendy ? Oh yeah (laughter).

Nina: She`s our alien friend!

Jeep: She`s quite sentient. Yeah, we`ve done lots of space travel the 3 of us together. We built a lot of spaceships together.

Nina: Things happen when we`re together. Also we can wish for things and they happen.

Jeep: Wendy started planning to build a U.F.O. early last Spring. We managed to build one in October, an actual Flying Saucer.

Dan O: How big?

Jeep: About the size of a really large closet which is basically what it was before it became a spaceship.

Dan O: What kind of materials did you use?

Jeep: Lots of tin foil and this kind of paper that reflects in sort of 3-D rainbow images. It`s a weird kind of reflective paper. You buy it at dollar stores in Montreal. We covered the whole thing with that and all sort of weird objects condusive to psychic propulsion and watched 2001 through a tiny hole in an artificial wall we built. Basically that created a spaceship we actually crossed over from the yin dimension to the yang dimension, and so you right now are not Dan but you're Nad...and I`m actually Peej.

Nina: ...and I`m Anin.

Jeep: It`s a subtle change but it does have an effect.

Dan O: Talk to me about your bikes...

Nina: Mine`s Petulia and she has a pretty ring bell and I wrote a song about her. So everyone will be hearing about her, seeing her on the road.

Jeep: My bike is PeeWee of course... the old Banana seat style with the high handlebars.

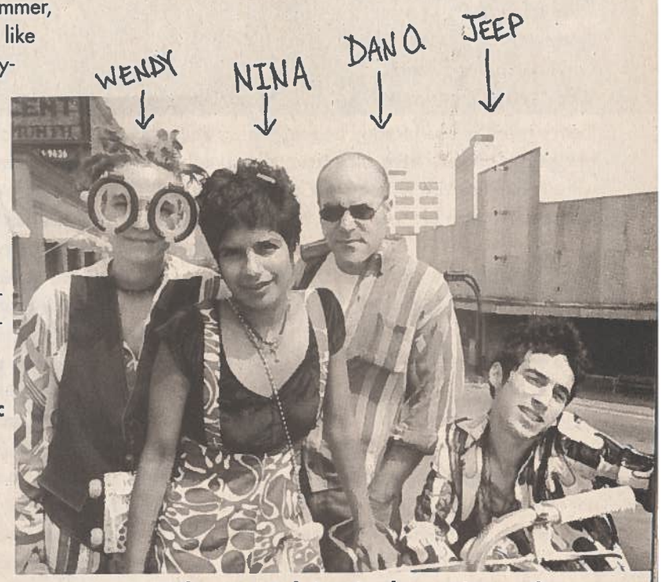
Nina: It`s like sitting in a big comfy chair.

Dan O: Now they`re popular in Montreal?

Jeep: I came back this summer, and there were bikes just like PeeWee and Petulia everywhere. People in Moncton will catch on to the banana seat groove and start being more mellow. I think the apple seat by design makes people uptight and stressed out. Part of making a better world is converting to Banana seats.

Dan O: Do you want to present to me your basic U.F.O. philosophy?

Jeep: Maybe the most important part of The Great Balancing Act, no matter what we sing about, is the connection with extra-dimensional beings or U.F.O.`s if you prefer. Extra-terrestrial beings not of this dimension on earth. We are seriously convinced that they are going to appear within the next 17 years. Our prediction is the year 2014, I believe that there will be a serious appearance of some kind of proof of the existence of extra-dimensional beings. It is unclear where their origin is right now but they`re definitely contacting all of us, and another thing we believe is that although people are wondering when the spaceships are going to come down, this sort of Raelien point of view, that I find kinda cheezy and infantile...that these big spaceships are gonna come from the sky and save us from this earth that`s leaning toward self-destruction. Basically the



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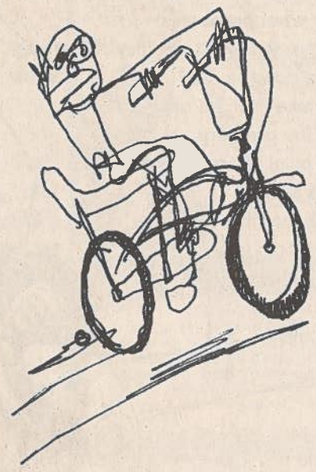


interview by Dan O. LeBlanc
photos by Marc X. LeBlanc

theory is that it has already begun, the beings are already here communicating with us but they are not approaching the planet in one of these science-fiction ways.

Dan O: Have they communicated with you?

Jeep: Yeah, they`ve communicated with me. I can`t speak for Nina.

Dan O: Nina?

Nina: Not physically, no.

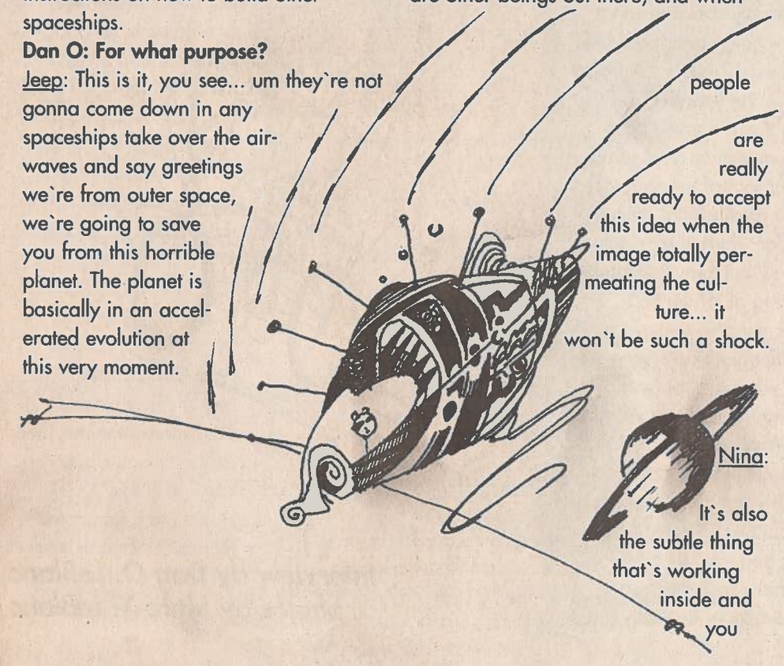
Jeep: They communicate with a lot of people through dreams and stuff but it`s not everyone who can remember them. You have to get used to remembering that signal, or being in contact with it. But I have definitely had contact with these beings, and they told Wendy and I how to build the original spaceship, and they`ve totally been giving us instructions on how to build other spaceships.

Dan O: For what purpose?

Jeep: This is it, you see... um they`re not gonna come down in any spaceships take over the airwaves and say greetings we`re from outer space, we`re going to save you from this horrible planet. The planet is basically in an accelerated evolution at this very moment. Humanity is being psychically accelerated through a higher level of vibration...

Dan O: It`s interesting that you talk about vibrations. I think that`s really important in relation to music. The Jewish text of the Kabbalah and Gurdjieff all speak of vibrations in relation to music.

Jeep: ...Of course that`s why through music you can alter people`s mind state. There are certain vibrations that bring you higher or bring you lower. That`s where it`s connected to our music. It`s not really the lyrics that are so important as the vibrations that you`re dealing with... simply singing about spaceships is not enough although there is definitely a need for that because this familiarizes people with the images and with getting used to the idea that there are other beings out there, and when people are really ready to accept this idea when the image totally permeating the culture... it won`t be such a shock.



Nina: It`s also the subtle thing that`s working inside and you don`t even have to be aware of the actual messages or communication to feel the vibrations. So I think it`s working inside of all sorts of people who don`t even realize it consciously.

Jeep: ...And the spaceship itself is the earth, the earth is the spaceship. It is changing at this very moment, and it`s not like taking the humans of the earth and bringing them to another planet. It`s changing the planet itself.

Dan O: An Awakening?

Jeep: Right, and making us all different. It`s like one day we`re just gonna realize that we`re no longer the people we were 50 years ago. It`s gonna be unbelievable. We have no choice right now, the planet Earth is upsetting the balance in the universe, and the balance has to be restored. There are obviously other beings in this universe which are at a much higher level than we are. The Universe is an ecosystem like everything else.

Nina: They are saving the earth for the sake of the Universe. Not for the sake of us.

Jeep: Right, they couldn`t care less for us really anymore than we care so much for an actual fly. But if the disappearance of this fly is a chain reaction which causes the disappearance of this and that, then it is a definite concern for the whole planet, so on a universal level I think that`s what`s happening right now. We`re at a point where we could destroy all life on this planet at any second.

Nina: There are lots of people working on helping us out.

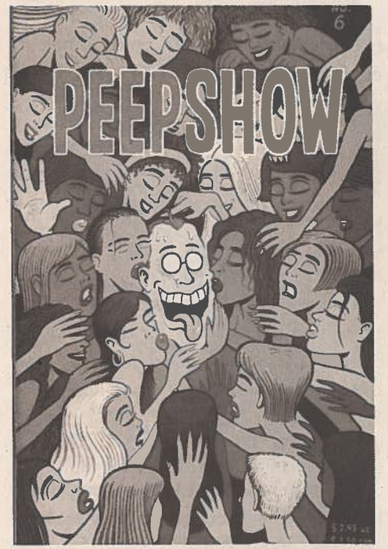
Jeep: There are lots of people changing the path of the earth right now everywhere, you meet them all over the place. Basically that`s what our music is really about. That`s what we`re trying to do.

These Ain't Funny Books!

by Jean Snow

Once again, I welcome you to this latest installment of **These Ain`t Funny Books!** This time, I`ll be taking a look at Joe Matt`s wonderful autobiographical comic **Peepshow**. Instead of looking at one particular issue, I`ll instead focus on the entire run of 7 issues (and counting). Also, instead of just recommending some great books, I`ll be reviewing a comic we received here at *Vallium* called **Real Deal**, an independent comic from Los Angeles, CA.

So let`s start by examining Joe Matt`s **Peepshow**.



Peepshow #1-7 (Drawn & Quarterly)
by Joe Matt

As already mentioned, **Peepshow** is an autobiographical look at Joe Matt`s life (or as close as he wants to show us). Evolving from the one page strips he did from 1987 to 1991, **Peepshow** continues Matt`s unflattering look at himself and his quest for happiness (or at least what he believes to be happiness). We see him hanging out with his friends (Seth, creator of **Palooka-Ville**, and Chester Brown, creator of **Yummy Fur** and **Underwater**; all these comics are also published by Drawn & Quarterly) and talking about the things that are dear to him (i.e. finding a nice exotic-looking girlfriend with long black hair, skinny figure, preferably ethnic, a firm butt... you get the picture).

What really attracts one to the comic is the feeling that you are looking into this guy`s life. Deep down, we all like to know what goes on in other people`s lives, and Peepshow is like an open door to Matt`s. From issue to issue you want to know if he`ll succeed in finding a replacement for Trish (his ex-girlfriend, who supposedly didn`t really like having her relationship with Matt portrayed in his comic). Will he try to steal Kim from his new friend Andy? Will he put the moves on that new Oriental girl living in the room next door? Will he beg for forgiveness and go back to Trish? Our voyeuristic impulses demand that we know the answers to these and other questions.

Veering off a bit from his recent adventures, the latest issue of **Peepshow** (#7) begins a multi-part look at Joe Matt`s childhood. We see a very young Matt reading comic books (and stealing them) and being afraid of being beat up. I must say that these stories aren`t as interesting or as fun as the ones of the older Matt. It`s all a bit innocent and doesn`t offer the fun sexual tensions of the other issues. Let us hope that Matt will soon return to the present (or near past).

Also entertaining are the letters published in each issue. Half of them basically call Matt a selfish loser while the other ones try to defend him (or tell the others to get a life). One person who makes an appearance every issue on the letters page is Matt`s own mother. Every issue she offers thoughtful criticisms of her son`s comics and ways that he could

Peepshow's

Masturbation

make them better. Her letters are always a great read (I rolled down laughing at her suggestions for the title of issue #7).

As far as the art goes, Joe Matt uses a rather simplistic and clean style. His ink lines are very strong. Having never seen a picture of Joe Matt or any of the characters appearing in his books, I can't comment on the accuracy of his drawings, but knowing this would not affect the way I look at **Peepshow**.

To finish off, the biggest annoyance I have with **Peepshow** is the tardiness. Although late books are a regular occurrence with independent publishers, Joe Matt seems to be really exaggerating. Supposedly quarterly, he has only released 7 issues in more than 3 years (there was a one year interval between issues #6 and #7). If he wants us to keep interest in his book alive, he`s going to have to start putting more books on the shelves.

If you are interested in getting back issues of **Peepshow**, you can order them directly from Drawn & Quarterly: 5550 Jeanne Mance St. #16, Montréal, Québec, H2V 4K6. You can also order a book containing his earlier one page strips from Kitchen Sink Press: 320 Riverside Dr., Northampton, MA. 01060.

Real Deal #4 (Real Deal Productions) **by Various Artists**

This is an independent comic published in California which spits in the face of political correctness (or maybe does the Gore Dance on it, a technique described in the editorial which leaves the body of the victim unrecognizable after a good stomping). The three stories all contain pretty graphic violence and let`s just say that the term "motherfucka" is used more than once.

The first story is about these pimps hanging out in a bar and how they seem to enjoy kicking the shit out of each other. For these people, life does not seem to be very precious. The dialogue is nothing more than a series of curses, which is how everybody addresses each other. The second story is a sci-fi tale and again, violence seems to be the most popular order on the menu. Finally, the last story is about this commando unit who deems necessary the total destruction of some gay porno studio. Burnings and mutilations are both integral parts of the tale.

All three stories are done by different artists. The art itself is pretty amateur, especially in the first story. The production value for the comic is high though, so they must be selling a few of these.

I can`t say that I really enjoyed **Real Deal**. It advertises itself as humor for adults on the cover, but apart from the over the top violence in the first story, there isn`t much to laugh at. And the stories do not seem to go anywhere. It`s not something I would buy for myself, but if there`s anybody interested in getting **Real Deal**, you can order it from Real Deal Productions: P.O. Box 19129, Los Angeles, CA, 90019.

That brings this installment to a close. Next time I`ll probably take a look at another comic published by Drawn & Quarterly called **Optic Nerve** (if I can get my hands on it).

Till next time!

FILMSLUT

THE RETURN of LIGHT:

The Artful and Dishonest Practices of Hollywood Politics and Beyond...

by Dan O. LeBlanc

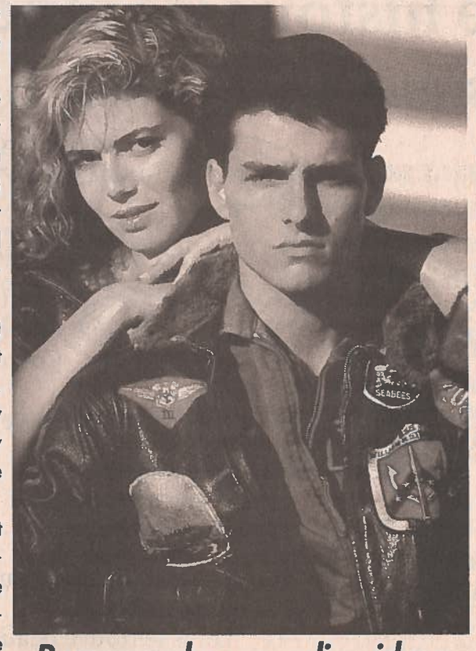
The inescapably shrewd and tactical art/science of Hollywood cinema in the 90's has proven to be a very powerful tool for the established and compromising position of the film director. We watch thoughtful deliberations provided by our local movie houses/video rental shops, but how much freedom of choice do we really have? Hollywood has a monopoly on society's metaprogram, feeding it's head through emanations in the form of a reflective surface, the return of light, and soundwaves. Magnified in importance and masking memories of deep emotional significance.

Hollywood is no stranger to the concept of government consent,if the filmmakers want to use their hardware. It must be approved by the government. When examining war movies in this light, a popular saga like PLATOON (1986, Oliver Stone) appeared to be simply another WWII-type propaganda movie, well crafted with a melancholy soundtrack.

TOP GUN (1986, Tony Scott) had airforce recruitment centers set up in movie houses... hunks+babes+dog fights=new recruits. Movies like TOP GUN play fancifully with the hormones of the post-pubescent male.

In general, I do not believe that Hollywood has a unified moral agenda which conspires to brainwash the world into moral corruption or apathy. I think the propaganda machine functions on a monetary basis. The corporate "big-wigs" do not want to give their money to some artsy-fartsy weirdo genius who'll want to exorcize his/her perversions and idiosyncracies on the big screen. Strangely enough the player's formula is more perverse than anything you could imagine, especially because of it's simplicity: sex+violence=$. That's entertainment! Marketability is the essence of cinema.

Selling escapism is big business and there are sly ways of buckin' the system. Clever directors who subvert the formula, sneaking in subtext and personal vision, can suckseed if they're lucky...are you feelin' lucky? Well, are you punk? Are you? George Lucas and Steven Spielberg almost single-handedly re-invented the wheel, with the massive seduction of the viewing public, called the blockbuster.



Propaganda: spreading ideas and/or allegations to further one's cause or to damage an opposing cause.

The 70's were way too cynical and jaded for the director duo. After Vietnam, Watergate, the Chicago Democratic convention, Kent State, Attica, the Watts riot, Patty Hearst, Manson, and many, many more, Spielberg and Lucas brought back the concept of escapism for the masses.

In the early 80's, a new subgenre of horror films appeared. The slasher movie served as a unconscious catalyst to the cerebral cortex of the viewer. This form of escapism attempts to instill fear into the viewer through the characterisation of some unstoppable patriarchal figure, who terrorizes teenagers engaged in behavioral experiments, such as sex or drugs.

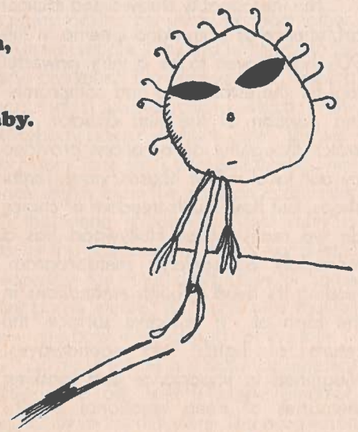
The fear which is propagated through these moral monsters, imposing a message like 'Behave', no longer effects the viewing public today. The direct quality of these vindicator movies is too obvious today, the youth culture no longer needs this stimulation. The immorally deplorable find sanction in sleeker, more indirect pablum, such as SINGLE WHITE FEMALE, FATAL ATTRACTION, PACIFIC HEIGHTS, UNLAWFUL ENTRY, THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE, ad nauseum. The invader-in-the-home movie brings the psycho out of the woods and into the home. The disintegration of the American nuclear family has been a popular subject matter since the early 70's, and remains relevant and revenue-happy.

I wouldn't doubt that a lot of talent is necessary for the creation of escapist cinema. You must be an artful scientist to survive in the environment. The alternative is to make independent films...as you like it.

Insect Head

**Drop down from Mars in my pure platinum space ship-
better than the one Buck Rogers had.
Slip into your bars on the lower east side looking like a stud muffin,
your average joe.
But I'm just a bug boy.
Wanna rip off my mask and scare the hell out of you. "Touch me, baby.
Lemme buy you that drink you've been thirsting for.
Oh yeah, let's go back to your place.
You're walking fine- a zigzag here and there.
Can't get the key in the key hole? Here, let me get that for ya.
Oh yeah slip outta them close. Slip into that bed.
Come here, lean close to me. Put your beautiful face close to mine."
Then I rip off my mask:
"LOOK AT MY FUCKING BUG HEAD!"
Then I ate her face.**

Ethan Minsker



Une autre histoire de rencontre de voisins au restaurant du coin

Jean éternue.

Louis dit:
- Que Dieu te bénisse.

Mike, l'Anglais, dit:
- Yes, God bless you. Il comprend bien le français, mais ne le parle pas.

Gérard dit à Mike:
- Moi, je dis Dieu merçi, ou, que tu te rejouisses, parce que j'ai un plaisir immense quand j'éternue, et j'aime ça la morve qui se projette sur ma moustache et ma barbe.
Je l'essue avec ma manche de chemise, ou quand c'est l'hiver, je l'essue avec ma mitaine.
Worryez pas, j'enlève ma mitaine quand je donne la main à quelqu'un.

Mike dit:
- Gross, ce qui veut dire dégueulasse en français, et il part, écoeuré.

Louis dit à Gérard:
- Toi, mon fanfaron. Effronté face. Garde-lè, là. Tu sais pas vivre.

Et là soudainement, Louis sort son couteau.

Couteau qu'il est fier de parce qu'il est sculpteur.
Couteau dans le ventre de Gérard.
Quel artiste sensible, ce Louis.

Jean éternue
et sort tout nu.
Gérard meurt.

Louis sculpteur et meurtier ne tuera pas Jean qui est tout nu.
Louis le trouve beau Jean
tout nu

et l'histoire se termine plus tard lorsque Louis et Jean deviennent amants.

Guy Arsenault

THE MILL, THE TOWN

They all seem to be
apart of their own existence.
Never will they have the time
to live for their own production.

I do not go there very often,
for it is my own choice.
The dim of the vehicles outside
for me, was the only voice.

People wandering in the streets
looking forward stoically.
Not knowing where to be when
away from daily drudgery.

The heat quickly rises.
Their bodies soaked and falling
Is it from the summer's heat
or from their destined calling?

Very few do come out,
for fear to be rejected.
Some of them do come back
much by force of habit.

The ones who stay there
never go outside.
For most of them would come back
for a place to hide.

The production is slowly fading
from their own existence,
and the cries we hear inside
are held with vain resistance.

Marc Gionet

MA TASSE

**dans ma tasse
je te ramasse
d'une couleur sombre
moi je tremble**

**je te regarde
toi sur la table
j'te mets dans ma bouche
envale ton goût**

**j't'aime bien
mon bien aimé
mon café**

Michael LeBlanc

POETRY POÉSIE

Let It Go

So what do you say, man
Are you ready for this -
Smashing light with strength
so blinding
a bold rap session interrupting
a skull so ancient I'm self-destructing.

Can I let go
Can I get down
to the place in the basement
where my bones were bound.

So what are you saying
is this where I take my leave -
Am I rampant and raging
or just lulling or swaying
a life so symptomatic it's become
a contagion.

Can I let go
Can I get down
on this floor in the bar
where I left my iridescent scar.

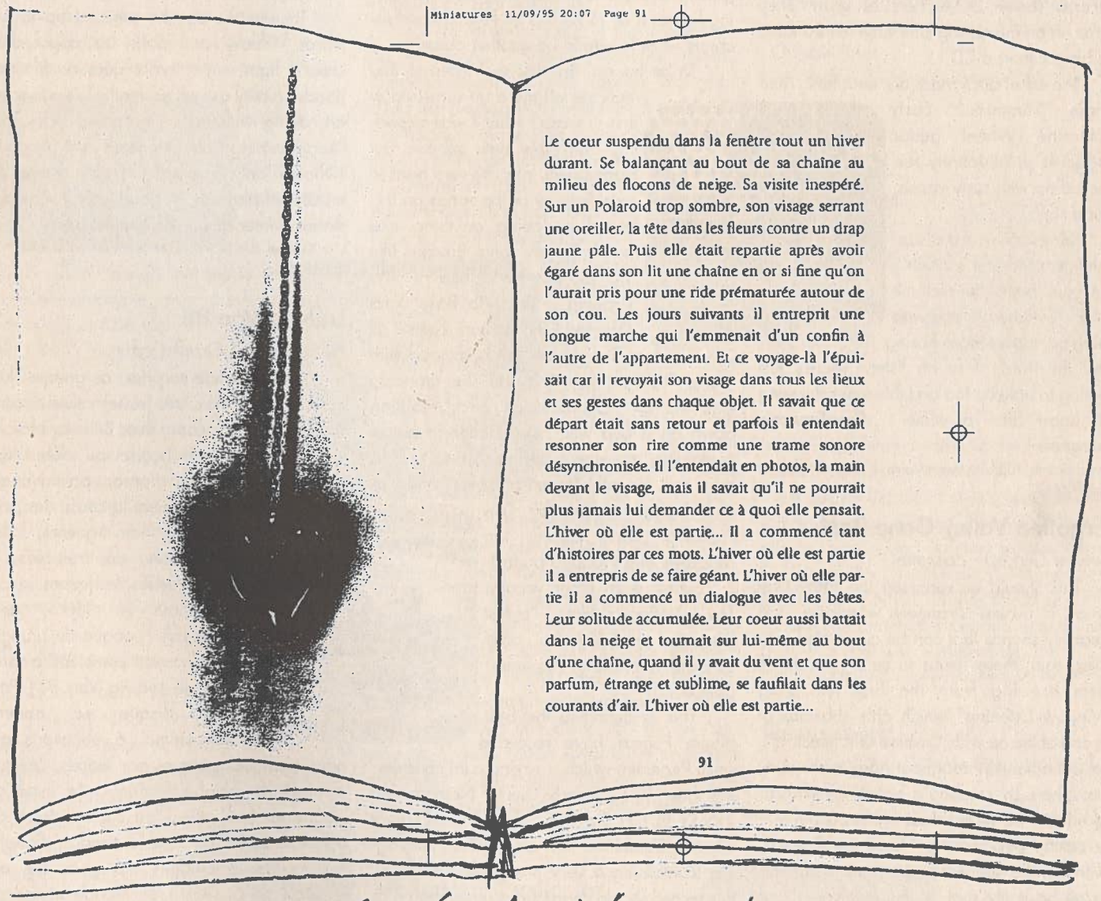
Heather Foster

Archétypes du Blues

Où la foule touche
Aux griffes bleues des cigarettes;
De l'alcool,
De la sensualité toute crue.
Ce sont les rails des émotions,
Les rites,
Les quelques choses ombrées,
Les instincts ouverts qui se frôlent des coudes,
Se gavent
De blues.

Paul Arseneau

LIVRE



Miniatures 11/09/95 20:07 Page 91

Le coeur suspendu dans la fenêtre tout un hiver durant. Se balançant au bout de sa chaîne au milieu des flocons de neige. Sa visite inespéré. Sur un Polaroid trop sombre, son visage serrant une oreiller, la tête dans les fleurs contre un drap jaune pâle. Puis elle était repartie après avoir égaré dans son lit une chaîne en or si fine qu'on l'aurait pris pour une ride prématurée autour de son cou. Les jours suivants il entreprit une longue marche qui l'emmenait d'un confin à l'autre de l'appartement. Et ce voyage-là l'épuisait car il revoyait son visage dans tous les lieux et ses gestes dans chaque objet. Il savait que ce départ était sans retour et parfois il entendait resonner son rire comme une trame sonore désynchronisée. Il l'entendait en photos, la main devant le visage, mais il savait qu'il ne pourrait plus jamais lui demander ce à quoi elle pensait. L'hiver où elle est partie... Il a commencé tant d'histoires par ces mots. L'hiver où elle est partie il a entrepris de se faire géant. L'hiver où elle partie il a commencé un dialogue avec les bêtes. Leur solitude accumulée. Leur coeur aussi battait dans la neige et tournait sur lui-même au bout d'une chaîne, quand il y avait du vent et que son parfum, étrange et sublime, se faufilait dans les courants d'air. L'hiver où elle est partie...

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Hermenegilde Chiasson

suite page 61

CRITIQUES **Vallium** REVIEWS

The edsel auctioneer & Knapsack

Stuntman & Symmetry (Alias Records) - 5"

These are the latest singles from Alias Records (home of Archers of Loaf). They came on an interesting little vinyl record that's no bigger than a CD.

The edsel auctioneer are excellent. Their single "Stuntman": Early Catherine Wheel guitar forged to a St. Johnny feel backed up with surfy vocals. Good stuff.

Knapsack was a disappointment. At first sounding like your basic Superchunk song, "Symmetry" ends up being quite a bit more boring after the third of fourth listen. There's just nothing to hold on too and this make the song fall apart after a while. - **Guy-Francois Bourgeois**

(Cargo Records, 7036 St.-Laurent Montréal, Québec, H2S 3E2)

Forgotten Valley Gene Pool

Swerve Girl ep - cassette

This should be renamed the rainy Day ep as it evokes strangely wondrous and unearthly sounds that can be associated with falling rain. there seems to be an emotional storm brewing from the first mini-song "Window Listening" which only subsides at the end of the ep with "Swerve Girl (electric)". The violin heard throughout adds to the eery atmosphere by creating a haunting, wrenching effect. The mood does lighten a bit with the catchy poppy song "Television Friend". All in all, the ten mostly accoustic songs on this ep basically sum up the lonelyness and depression that we all feel sometimes. - **Melissa Lee**

(Snowfall Rec., 41 Silverwood Cres., Moncton NB, E1A 6M5)

Fugazi

Red Medicine (Dischord Records) - cd

Oh my! It would seem that Washington, DC's precious commodity, going by the moniker of Fugazi, has once again released an album deserving of a place in every record collection. With *Red Medicine*, their sixth album on their own Dischord Records, Fugazi manage to bring some new interesting vibes carefully meshed with that classic groove fans are now accustomed to. Not touring for most of 1994 has let Fugazi carefully create what is sure to be another classic.

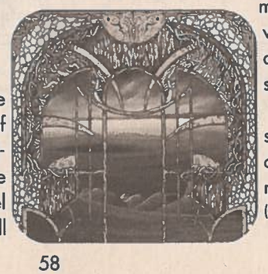
To be honest, my first real listen to *Red Medicine* left me a bit surprised at first. It wasn't what I was expecting from this new album. But many listens later, it's very hard to consider any of the songs on this record as being anything else than a Fugazi song. Buzzers like "Do You Like Me", "Bed For The Scraping", "Back To Base" and "Downed City" scream Fugazi all over. The groove shit is covered with "Long Distance Runner" and the amazing instrumental "Combination Lock" (Sitting down on a bed with headphones in place, containing movement during this song is a hard task indeed.) "Forensic Scene" offers us nice melodic vocals by Guy Picciotto. Once again, Ian Mackaye and Picciotto perfectly counter each other vocally. The unFugazi-like "Latest Disgrace" and "By You" offer us a different side of this venerable band.

This is definitely the best album Fugazi have recorded since Repeater, which is saying a lot considering that 1991's Steady Diet of Nothing and 1993's In On The Kill Taker are still great albums. Combined with an excellent packaging (containing a very nice pullout collage), this record should certainly be remembered as one of 1995's best. - **Jean Snow**

(Cargo Records, 7036 St.-Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, H2S 3E2)

Hemlock

Exordium - cd



If you like the music of Metallica blended with a little New Model Army, then you'll really like Hemlock's ep *Exordium*. After listening this, I found it difficult to believe that they're from Saint John because they have a real gothic sound.

Their music can be summed up in two words, "heavy and dark" as opposed to cheery, light music. Lyrics question life and ponder reality as well as death. The cd's cover art, along with the caligraphied lyrics look like something from Dungeons and Dragons. Although only 5 songs, this ep has over 50 minutes of playtime. A good listen for a cold, stormy winter day. - **Melissa M. Lee**

(Jim Kuehnel, c/o BCMM, 200 Union St., Saint John, N.B. E2L 1B1)

Ludwig Von 88

Hiroshima (À Donf) - cd

À ma grande surprise, ce groupe (tant aimé quand j'étais très jeune) existe encore. Ludwig Von 88 menait, avec Bérurier Noir, la scène post-punk française au début des années 80. Avec leurs chansons politiques qui défendaient la cause des prisonniers de guerre, des chômeurs, des réfugiés, et entre autres, les jeunes.

Mais en 1995, déjà dépassé l'époque du grunge-techno-etc, comment a progressé Ludwig Von 88? Peu. Ce disque se nomme *Hiroshima*. 6 chansons qui nous expliquent, étapes par étapes, l'évènement de la bombe atomique. Le livret du disque est fort intéressant car on décrit cet événement avec de comptes rendus, d'analyses, et de témoinages des gens qui ont survécu. Le quotidien *Le Monde* annonçait que «pas un seul des 17 000 ouvriers de l'usine (dont on fabriquait la bombe) n'avait la moindre idée de la nature de l'arme nouvelle.» En lisant ce livret, on a une aperçu assez complète d'Hiroshima et ces conséquences.

Et la musique? Les bons vieux punks seront soulagés que Ludwig Von 88 n'ont pas changé de styles. Pas différent, mais pas mauvais. - **Mario Doucette**

(Cargo Records, 7036 St.-Laurent, Montréal, Quebec, H2S 3E2)

Mighty Trust Crusher

Man-Rock for You - cassette

These people have been skirting Moncton's plaid-rock scene for a few years now, but the Band Formerly Known as Skinkeeper has graciously taken a moment to record five Man-Rock songs for the fans (which are numerous, if you go by the biblical-length album notes).

I have to admit I wasn't expecting much from this cassette after seeing the not-quite-sarcastic-enough-to-be-funny cover art and sniggering over the lyric sheet (featuring such gems as "Seasons come and go/Rain washes in and out/You'll never know" ["Only Paint"]). But this foursome can play a tight little metal song. I can't fault their musicianship, though the vocals are inaudible–of course, given the lyrics, that might not be such a bad thing. Still, there's nothing here to suggest MTC will ever rise above opening-band status in Moncton. The songs lack originality, and a few screamin' guitar solos would go farther that that annoying bagpipe sample. But if you're into metal, or you like to support local bands, *Man-Rock for You* is, well, for you. At least it comes with a sticker with a naked lady on it. - **Christie Ettles**

(Superbob records, 1580 Ryan Rd., Moncton NB, E1C 8Z4)

The Monoxides

Out of the Marsh (Handsome Boy Rec.) - cd

I was thrilled when I read about the Monoxides' signing with BMG. Label backing coupled with creative control would, I had hoped, result in a product which would do justice to this glam-rock circus of a band's highly entertaining stage presence. *Out of the Marsh*, unfortunately, doesn't accomplish this. The 5-song ep sounds too produced; the guitars are a perfect syncro buzz, but the same smoothness isn't applied to Steve's earnest but occasionally faltering vocals. The only song which caught my ear on first listen was "Walk Away" (though cute little "Pogo Boy" also brings a smile). Still, after a few listens I began to notice the occasional lick or phrase which reminded me just why the Monoxides are so popular in Moncton. If you have a hard time, I advise you to close your eyes and picture a good back-to-back guitar solo, those crazy 6-6-6 T-shirts or PJ's majestic nakedness. - **Christie Ettles**

(Superbob records, 1580 Ryan Rd., Moncton NB, E1C 8Z4)

Monsieur Toad

(Naked Farmer Records) - 7"

Ça fait longtemps que je n'ai pas entendu un nouveau 45 tours vinyl! Les Disques Cargo agissent un peu comme des irréductibles Gaulois qui continuent à propager des 45 tours qui sont déjà des anachronisme dans cette fin de siècle digitale.

Monsieur Toad semble aussi provenir d'une époque (celle du début des années 80) avec leur post-punk propulsé par des guitares avec un mini-grain de progressif.

L'étiquette sur le disque nous suggère de «PLAY LOUD», mais qu'importe le volume, ça sonne toujours fort. Le chanteur (connu tout simplement comme Gweg) fait son possible pour percer à travers le marteau piqueur de la guitare mais n'y parvient pas (comme le veut la tradition punk: «Bury the vocals in the mix.»

La plus grande originalité du disque provient des titres des chansons. «Vivre embaumé» leur assure une place au panthéon du zombie-rock tandis que «Et Mobad se disloque soudainement» mérite d'être nominé en tant que meilleur titre d'une chanson de l'année au Vallium Music Awards. Si seulement Monsieur Toad mettait autant d'originalité dans la musique même... - **Paul Bossé**

(Cargo Records, 7036 St.-Laurent, Montréal, Quebec, H2S 3E2)

Nothing in Particular

Is That Right? (Kinetic Records) - cd

Yet another ensemble of capable Canadian musicians without an original note in their capable heads. The Tea Party are blazing pioneers compared to this outfit. If Nothing in Particular lack the expectorant qualities of their Doors-worshipping counterparts, it's because their influences are kinder and gentler–i.e., Toad the Wet Sprocket. Yeesh. Any one of these twelve cute little songs would make a fine addition to C103's Can-Grunge playlist, and I'm sure they're a worthwhile live band–they can play, after all. But *Is That Right?* is a neatly produced album with every note in place–and, as such, is eminently forgettable. Even the song about dressing in women's clothing is boring. Yawn. - **Christie Ettles**

(Kinetic Records, 25 Defries St. Toronto, Ontario M5A 3R4)

S.N.F.U.

Most Likely to Succeed (Epitaph Rec.) - cd

The only thing I liked about S.N.F.U.'s new album, *Most Likely to Succeed* is the band photo taken in an underground walkway below Granville Street in Vancouver.

If you're into 30 minutes worth of songs that sound exactly alike, then you'll love this album. Lyrics sound like they were written by kindergarden students! Planned or unplanned, S.N.F.U. sounds like they got lost somewhere on the post-grunge, speed metal, punk rock highway. - **Melissa M. Lee**

(Cargo Records, 7036 St.-Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, H2S 3E2)

SIANspheric

Somnium (Sonic Unyon Records) - cd 69m57s

I love to see this amount of time when I first I play a disc with only 10 listed tracks. A cribnote that you're in for a nice, almost day long album. (this obviously excludes bands that think it's still very clever to add 3 minutes of noise on the 70th track).

This album is like a country drive on an automn day in comparison to driving rush hour in a smogged-choked city in the blistering heat. You can't help but to unwind and

drift... to think about how happy you are or how miserable you've become. It's kind of like alcohol really; the album enhances one's mood instead of creating it.

Somnium, debut recording from *SIANspheric*, comes to you from Burlington, Ontario. That the band is calling Sonic Unyon home is about the only familiar Canadian tie I could decipher from their music. Upon the first listen, it's clear that the band has held an influence from the English catalogue of ambient\semi-ambient recordings. The beauty of the album is that they mix it so well with lyrics which are used more in the melodic sense than in the "let me tell you a story" sense.

Not since Planète X released *Solaris* has the Canadian constants of time and space been so threatened to be ripped open. If you're into Spiritualized, the Verve, Spectrum, Slowdive or Stereolab, you'll be very into this.

You know who you are. - **Guy-Francois Bourgeois**
(Sonic Unyon Records, P.O. Box 57347, Jackson Stn., Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4X2)

Sugar

Besides (Rykodisc) - cd

Sugar fans rejoice: *Besides* is a collection of all those (duh) B-sides that were always tacked onto $15-for-three-songs-CD's that you could never bring yourself to splurge for. And for you heavy-duty Sugar fans that did snare all those damned imports, lest you feel disappointed *Besides* includes a 70-minute bonus CD (limited edition supposedly) containing an entire Sugar live show.

So now that we've addressed the fans and the heavy-duty fans (all of whom having already bought this disc two weeks ago anyway) it can be disclosed to you regular folks that like most such compilations, *Besides* is an uneven blend of the truly indispensible and the merely mediocre. Sugar has been getting progressively worse since their stellar 1992 lp *Copper Blue*, though Besides does manage to improve on '94's lousy *File Under Easy Listening*. Songs like "Try Again" and "Frustration" (by bassist David Barbe, whose songwriting talent is far better represented her than on previous discs) could easily have been singles themselves, but the CD falters when wading through unnecessary remixes and a ghastly live version of the already lame "JC Auto". There's a cool Who cover ("Armania City in the Sky"), the live CD is okay if you're in the mood, and many of the songs truly rule, but all told it's only really about 50% good. 50%, though, of a 140-minute double CD is still a decent pile of tunes if you can abide the chore of programming out the filler. - **Ron Bates**
(Denon, 17 Denison St. Markham, Ontario L3R 1B5)

Supersuckers

Sacrilicious (Sub Pop) - cd

As you may have noticed, it's lately becoming difficult to assign meaningful names to various styles of popular music. Terms that once were immobile signposts of a music's content have been per-/subverted entirely: witness the application of the word "rock" to such posing, pseudo-serious drivel as Bon Jovi and the reformed Eagles (or, to digress, the current necrophilia over the word "punk." Repeat until it registers: the Offspring are not punk). If Bon Jovi is rock, and Chuck Berry is rock, it should be obvious that the word has become utterly meaningless. The Stooges and Supertramp can't, *can not* be classified under the same heading, no. One can appreciate the need for terminology unburdened by specifics, but a balance must be struck to preserve accuracy. Until this happens (don't hold your breath) most musics will remain nameless to the masses, catagorized only within the confines of fleeting subgenres ("shoegazers", "grunge"). Hmph.

That said, it remains beyond dispute that the Supersuckers have their feet firmly planted dead center on the heart of rock 'n' roll ("Heart of Rock 'n' Roll"—do you remember Huey Lewis? Jesus Christ, the Supersuckers would kill this guy and eat him). *Real* rock and roll: loud, fast, dirty, obnoxious, evil as all hell, the Suckers rend and tear their way through fourteen songs with more reckless energy than most "rock" bands could muster in fourteen albums. With lines like "I am bastard, hear me roar" and song titles like "Bad Bad Bad" and "Born With a Tail," we're not looking at much thematic diversity or even much originality, but what the Supersuckers deliver is old-school electric american boy-rock infused with more energy than the genre is used to. Drums pummel, guitars crush, you can practically smell the booze on their breath and hear the puke hitting the floor the next morning. Not punk, but with an acknowledgement of punk that moves on: this is Sun Studios on speed. - **Ron Bates**
(Denon, 17 Denison St. Markham, Ontario L3R 1B5)

Treble Charger

Self=title (Smokin Worm Records) - cd

This disc starts off with what is sure to become standard issue on CDs, a CD-ROM track. Rumored to be the first full-length CD-ROM from an indie band, it features 2.5 hours worth of information. A lot of Canadian bands are included (36 in fact) along with lots of video clips, sound bites and even an interactive comic. However, if you actually have the amount of time needed to explore every corner of this track you should really think about starting your own band. All in all more of a who's who of Canadian artists that would of been better placed on a compilation.

Although it's very noble of Treble Charger to grace the CD-ROM with all these people, perhaps it would have been a better idea to include more intimate information about the band at hand, and to create a seperate CD\CD-ROM with all the other bands along with real tracks. That way, these artists would have had better exposure and I'd know a lot more about Treble Charger. Still, effort given, effort heeded.

The music, by the way, is great.

I find it a lot more listenable then a lot of stuff from their first album nc17. It's more "Redish" in the way that I find the melodies and guitars on this disc have more in common with "Red" than the rest of the first album. And those comparisons they've had to Neil Young; whomever imagined similarities must have had "Rust Never Sleeps" stuck up their ass for too long because it's just not the same. If anything, Treble Charger is Big Star's offspring.

The songs themselves still hold a poppy edge but I find them to be a lot less tongue and cheek than the ones on nc17 which I find is a big plus. They even give us 2.5 minutes of weird noises at the end of the 7th song to finish off. Great!

Self=Title makes up for it's less than thrilling name (or is that a zen thing?) with great songs. The only catch is that it only last 26m14s which is a bad thing if they consider this an album but a good thing if this is an e.p. But that's the handoff with CD-ROMS; the more extras you get on the disc, the less music you can squeeze in. - **Guy-Francois Bourgeois**
(Sonic Unyon Records, P.O. Box 57347, Jackson Stn., Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4X2)

LES AVENTURES DE JEANNETTE ET ROLAND

LES GUNUNG APIENS

SUITE PAR ROLAND DAIGLE

à suivre...

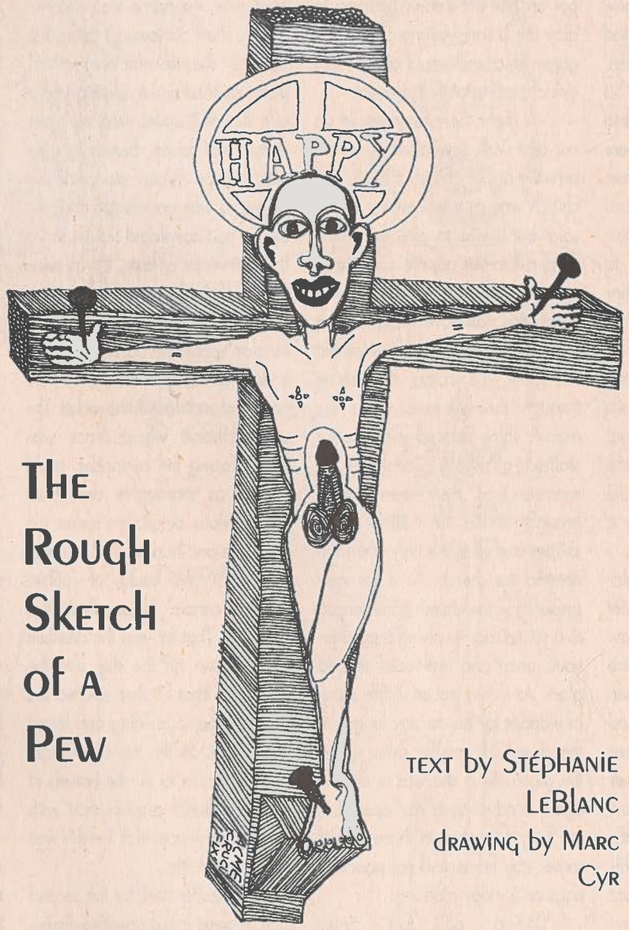
The Rough Sketch of a Pew

text by Stéphanie LeBlanc
drawing by Marc Cyr

"Count to four, breathe deep, visualize perfect silk lungs, plentiful oxygen..." So told herself Constanze. In the midst of her usual panic attacks, she would mentally recite such words of wholesale comfort to get her through. (Many people talk out loud to themselves to digest or upchuck the shit they are fed.) These attacks would always leave a spasmonic echo through her body. And her veins, one big tangled mess. Like mush thrown into an anxiety-powered centripetal spinner. Only a couple of scratches were left on the surface to ignite flashbacks of comparable illness. After such an attack, she would hide her fingers in her hair and laugh the whole thing off like someone trying hard to appear nonchalant as it starts to rain dildos and squid.

Saintly figures have always embodied the half-supreme, half-mystical white glow and the fuzzy hypothesis which heavenly onlookers inspire. Lone fingers of instantly-consumable favors descend from the invisible barrier of fathomless skies. The long fingers take hold of expired hopes and disposed-of wishes that have long been pissed away after multicolored nights on the bar stool. As an alternative for the hopeless, for those who find themselves lingering in frozen stance away from their blueprinted desires with their canaux vitaux all empty of lifeblood, the saints are around the corner of religious scepticism, picking away at their ruby-covered gums while "on call". Once on duty, a saint hardly has time to pick away at his gums. His demanding tasks often require indispensable reminders of their necessity and beneficiaries. By simple means, adoration symmetrically fits the description if indispensable way of reminder. Here comes in play the flesh-filled subject with his wish held out like a counterfeit document. A few routine-like sessions of ass-kissing, numerous times a day, with the help of intermittent verses of desperation and voilà... wish granted and sifted through the long saintly fingers.

Having never been a subscriber to the wish ordering list associated with domineering charcaters who might be living "up there", Constanze shrugged off all possibilty of the beyond and palced her own hopes in a waiting room where agnostic dust gathered. Her birth happened somewhere inside Mahler's Fifth Symphony (adagietto). The symphony's movement which stems from a long sigh of the what-now that follows every great cataclysmic episode and all the imaginable personal disasters in one's fucked-up head. To acknowledge her own birth in such a secure place amiss the middle of a thick musical score was a feeling of great coziness for Constanze. The coziness which forcefully-fed religion had never transmitted to her with all its broken circuits, cheap bribes and staged miracles. With complete precision, Constanze could recall from her childhood how, in church, she dexterously explored underneath the pew to find old pieces of chewing gum. As her expertise in this domaine grew she could correctly identify how many Sundays ago the gum had been hidden underneath the bench. (Purposely, Constanze never took into consideration that sometime during other weekdays, some solitary faithful could have privately placed the gum there.) Sundays were her only instrument for the measure of the gum's value. When she was busy feeling the familiar landscape formed by the gum, tedious sermons would soon become vaporized samples of cheap cologne that quickly evaporated away from her consciousness.



From that time on, Constanze had trampled on the path of we'll-all-be-a-bunch-of-bones-soon-anyway. She drew herself down to a modern sector of unattachment to everything and everyone who made out through her narrow cracks of privacy. À la débauche was her official destination but even that was not something that she would admit to herself. Her head mostly hung diagonally like someone who never really could find the necessary balance to walk wide beams of low altitude. All of this was before the odd day of reversal came. The odd day when beggars don't pay attention to the twenty-dollar bill that falls to their feet. The odd day when new celebrities pawn their precious fame for a few bags of obscurity. Such an odd day was not to appear unnoticed, even to the eyes of Constanze which had long been covered by curtains of indifference.

When individuals' wishes or desires sends them into turbulance, the ball and chain of pursuit can be carried around by them without

many signs of awkwardness. Constanze was no exception but the odd day straightened her head's angle and had her throw superstitious glances from the corner of her eyeball.

On the day previously mentioned, Constanze woke up and for a long time she sat on the bed's edge, avoiding to look up too the ridiculous picture on her wall. The sight of it just confirmed a new unwelcomed insecurity that had crawled up her slimy doorstep. Another curtain was needed. So she let her hair fall in her face and tipped her head downward where the sight of her feet waited for her. Her penguin-positioned feet. Hard had been Constanze's protective shell which had never failed to absorb the high-frequency oscilliations of change. Now that the shell had fallen off, an outer lining of scabs and rattling pus attracted the many predators whose fingernails shine through the thickest of clays. From the odd day on, Constanze had a wish and she held it out like a counterfeit document, the way a rat would hold its sawed-off tail.

The picture itself inspired golden ruffles of glory and an incessant glob of awe. Rococo lips and jaw like a mahogany mantel piece. the details of the painting had been evened out to a glow that spread around the saintly figure. Constanze had never noticed the glow until her wish put a spotlight on it. The glow followed her all the way to the bathroom where she had extreme difficulty achieving relief. To be more precise and to avoid vocabulary-related escapism, Constanze could not let her sphincter rid itself of shit. Moreover, she could not even imagine grimacing while trying to shit. (The saint would surely laugh his saintly ass off and dismiss her from his list of priority.) It was this same paranoïa that had forced her to reduce all habits (and needs) such as nose-picking, masturbation and the daily breaking of wind. The habits which most don't like to practice in front of a large audience, depending of course on motive and level of inhibition. "It's a goddamn drag to have to disinfect evil thoughts with an omnipresent bastard grinning on my wall (and in my head)," thought Constanze as she put on her hat before heading to play the bread-winning game. The game which millions of others were sick of playing at that moment.

At night, Constanze would go out and walk several miles before arriving at her chosen church. The church was as unnecessary as the saint but it was to give the whole thing a film-like appeal. Constanze was an actress and with a role in mind, the ridiculous becomes less ridiculous. Still, she contemplated the fairy tale colors that came through the windows when the moon's shine pierced the church's stained glass. To Constanze, it seemed that the moon's glow brought to life the colorful glass shapes and all of this only when she entered the church. As if her new presence in the church gave reason to a conspiracy involving a mischievous moon and two-faced stained glass. As if they put on a little show of wonder for her to stay longer in the church or maybe even spend the night. As if she was a double agent conducting a spy operation on the partisans and those who'd rather stay home and eat poached eggs on Sunday morning.

During all this time, Constanze's dreams also underwent a strange metamorphosis. As blood-freezing as some of her previous dreams had been, she could not get herself to forget one in particular. Wearing the eyes of a bystander, Constanze saw all of it three slides that flashed on the screen in her head. The slides were in chronological order but their collective outcome was far from gradual. The dream began at some U.N. meeting where she was the third person witness at about five meters away from the actual action. With no apparent motive, two highly placed officials engaged in a verbal dual in the first slide. In the second, the verbal dual changed to a physical dual. In the third slide, the action took a cannibalistic short cut towards the graveyard. Of the two officials involved, one was Russian. A spitting image of a thinner Rasputin wearing a butterfly collar jacket, brown in color with orange stripes alongside the zipper. It was understood that this official had not picked out the jacket by his own set of taste. It was some sort of official costume sponsored by the provisional funds of whichever Russian political party. A great amount of bodily hair could also be predicted underneath the jacket. The other official, whose back was turned facing the bystander, could not be as thoroughly described. One obvious detail: his jacket wa savy blue and had a felted appearance to it. We could, of course, imagine certain things about this character. That he was the drunken sailor thrown off the ship into the East River. That he then spotted the United Nations' building and found his way inside the representatives' assembly room to stir the bowels of an international organization with the Red Button potential. But this was not close to truth.

The scuffle had, by the second slide, evolved into a primitive dissection of human flesh. The scenes not even spoken of in the pipeline of post-mortem activity. The anonymous, country-less man dressed in navy attacked the Russian and plunged his hand in the latter's head with surprised blood staining carrots of noble design. The attacker had a real butcher instinct in his hand.

The killing of the Russian disturbed Constanzed immensely but the background atmosphere was just as unsettling. In a corner of the dream slide, an old woman sat on a bench, knitting a bonnet and hadn't seemed to notice the violent attack. Her feet were comfortably set on a tuff with moss around it like soft green ribbons. In the opposite corner, a boy with a convex spine was dancing with comical steps and playing a violin as though a bee had dropped honey on his nose.

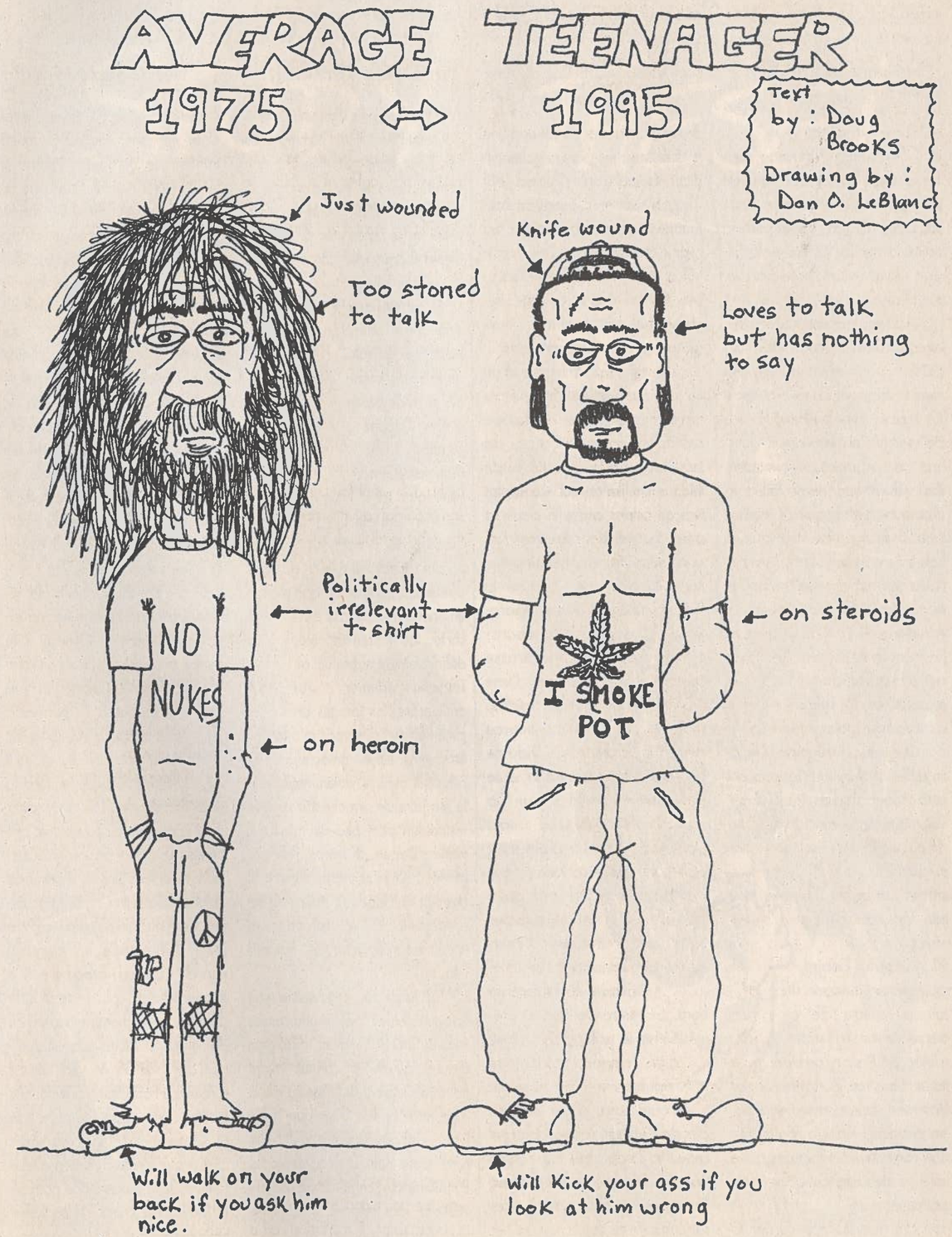
Upon waking up after this dream, Constanze looked for the picture on her wall. Sure enough, the saint was staring through it. Only this time, the moon's glow accentuated the picture with shade that distorted the saint's paternal features. The picture now resembled a self-portrait of the Grim Reeper, light in all the wrong places.

Peeled off her sleep, Constanze spent that night thinking about her dream while reading her new book "Mechanisms of Fortunate Dismissal". The night was screwed anyway.

Although it is hard to syncopate deviant patterns of thought, Constanze fell off the swing. The wish was now a piece of moldy cheese in the sink. Useless. So much more useless than a counterfeit document or the presence of lust at the antique auction.

Like Cupid gone mad with evil, Constanze threw her dart on the saintly forehead and brushed his face with vinegar. She then drew her finger close to the saint's face and poked his cathedral nostril with it.

But to put the cork on this tale, I think Tom Waits' "Baby I'm not a baby anymore" should come in anytime now. Or at least before the caboose is out of sight.



FABLE D'UN CURE-DENT OBSERVATEUR:

Acte premier

-Une marche qui ne s'est pas terminée devant une chaise-

par Christian Brun — dessin par Chris leBlanc

Il était vingt huit fois, deux espèces Albinoae, qui rampaient dans leur latitude contagieuse, devant la tour rouillée, ils se garochèrent main dans la branche dans une jigue de tourne-disque sautillante.

La montagne caillouteuse changeait d'humeur par la parole du vire-vent remontant le triangle d'une vallée. L'horizon ne pouvait que baisser le dernier voilier.

Le premier Albinoae regarda le second, avec les cheveux semi-raides, sans proposer une réplique. L'autre, méritait de sourire faucamment devant un tel spectacle de gratitude nasale.

Pourtant, dans un éclat réflexique, ils expulsèrent un fulgurant soupir, puis comme après le regard ridicule de Louis, le duo déchargea la valve d'un crachement hilarant qui aurait fait honte au gorille de Tarzan.

Quel fut l'objet, ou mieux encore la raison d'être de ce dégel sonore? Piston... Piston... Piston... Une boîte motrice flottante de par son énergie volcanique narcissique, dégageait une nuit blanche de vertiges, telle que la décadence d'un lampadaire.

L'ironie du sarcasme se vidait par là et ailleurs en salissant les dogmes des rituéliques. L'entre temps leur paraissait tel que l'avènement du bizarrois au sourire songeur. «Que reste-il à faire», se demandèrent-ils tout à coup, oeil à oeil, bouche sur oreille? Leurs gueules d'amphibien prirent simultanément la forme d'un hexagone dans le miroir cylindrique d'une réflexion transcendante: «Faire la boucle», dirent-ils. Le choc de l'apperçu inattendu leur a plu.

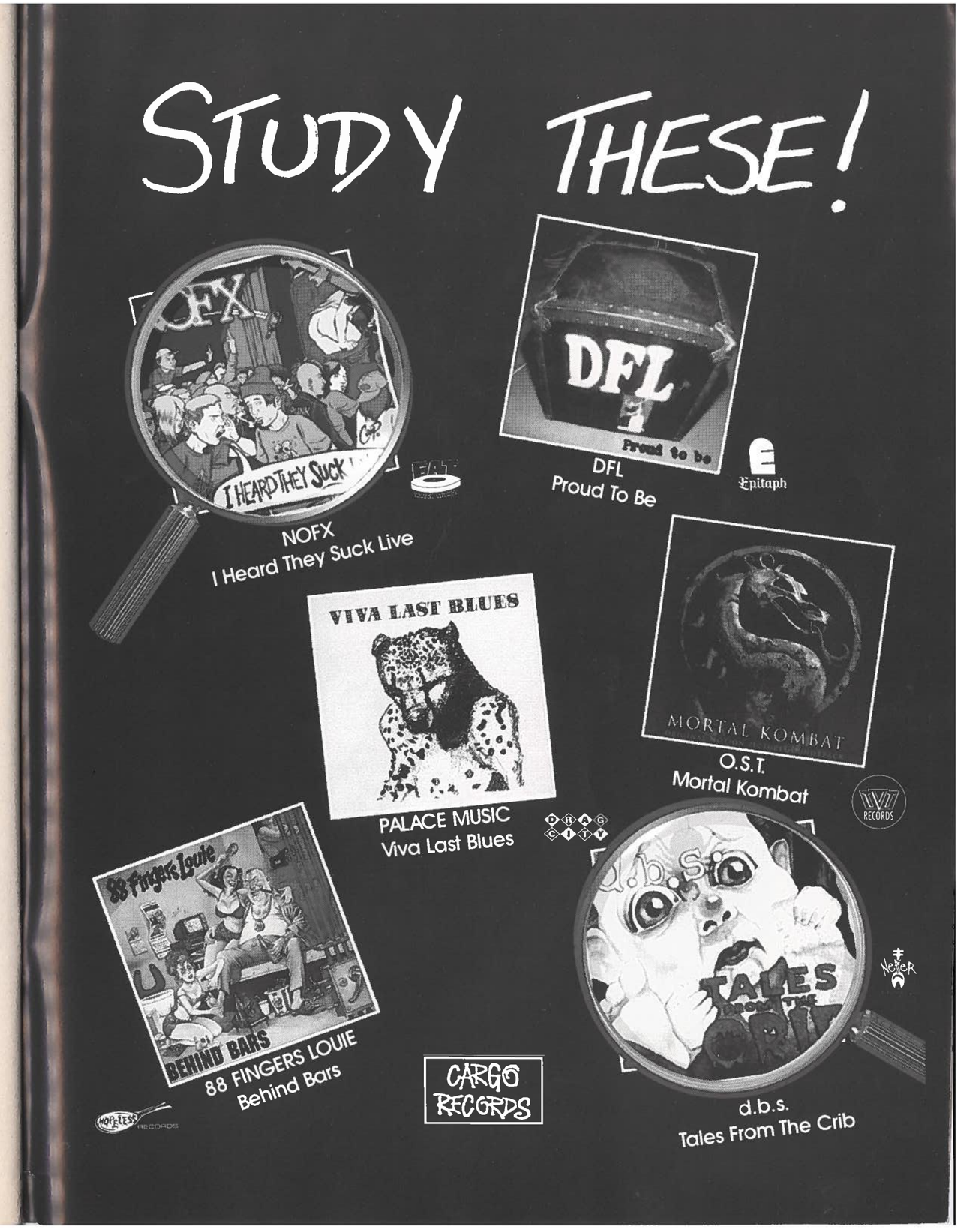
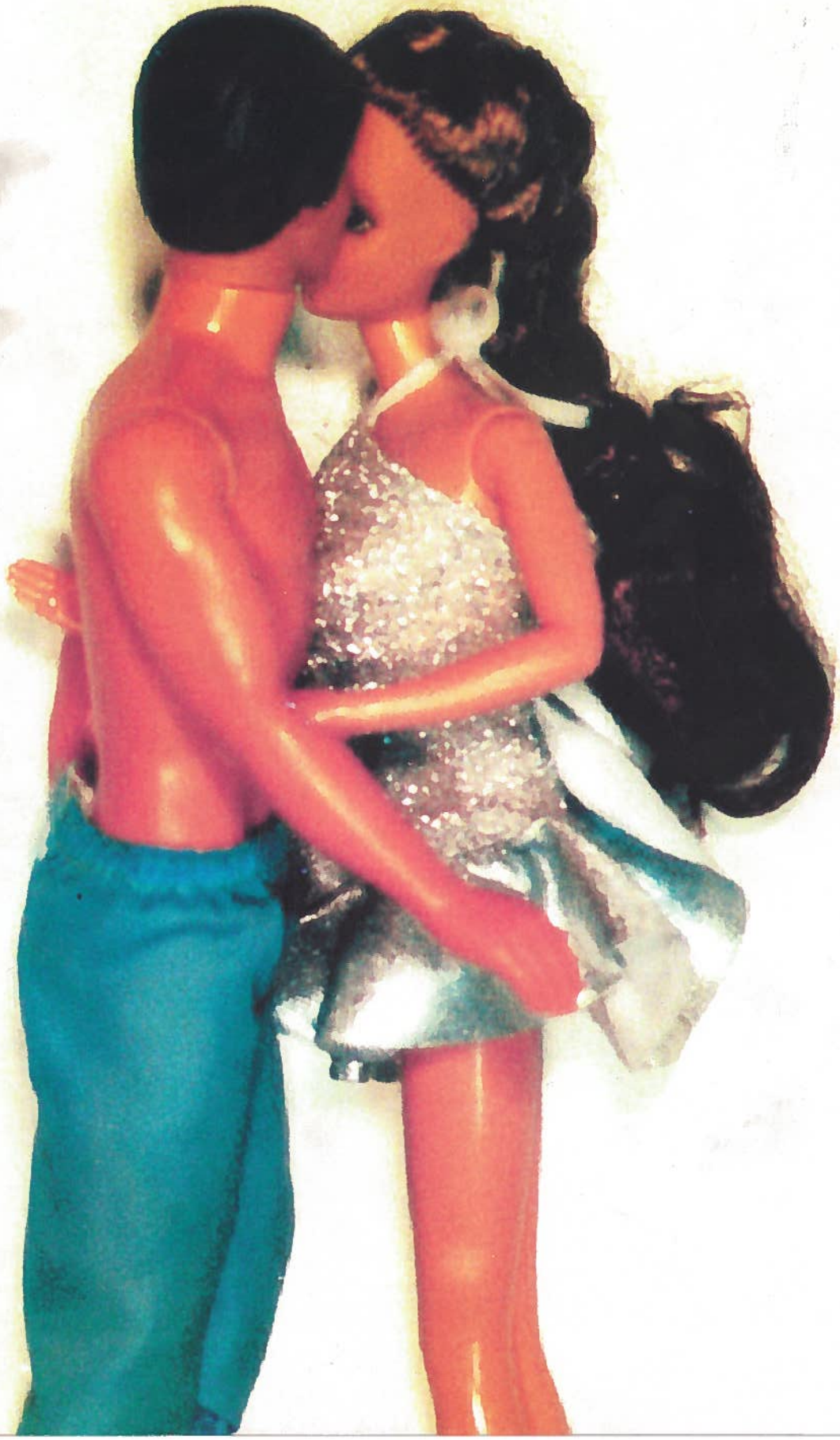
Qu'adviendra-il de ces deux guimauves du vice? Un choc chaotique sème une fissure. Une fissure canalise le besoin d'une réparation... La réparation embrasse l'ouverture d'une source fraîche. La source coule, vide de symétrie, et se jette sur la brosse tout justement saucée par l'iris du peintre. À gauche, l'ombre des mains micro-Dalique formulent le tient. Le micro-Dalique photosynthétise le galoppage tapisé d'un rideau volant. Le rideau... vu d'à l'envers et du côté, transgresse dans les plis d'un visage échographique autochtone. Le fou du roi se bandine de fougue en trocant la rumeur. À par cure-dent, il fut l'unique témoin.

Claire

par Stefan Thériault — *dessin par Marc Cyr*

Il y a au moins trois ans de cela; pourtant l'événement comme tel est aussi net dans ma mémoire qu'il l'était juste après qu'il a eu lieu. Si c'est ainsi, c'est parce qu'il ne cesse de se répercuter, de se manifester chaque jour, comme s'il s'était produit hier.

Je me suis souvent demandé si cette scène obsessionnelle a joué pour moi le rôle de la scène primitive et si, de cause à effet, l'appropriation de mon éros est venu plus tardivement qu'elle aurait dû, ou encore mieux, si elle n'a pas tout simplement agit en souvenir écran de telle sorte qu'il aurait été définitivement substitué au souvenir premier. Au demeurant, les images de cette nuit où j'ai surpris m'a femme en pleins ébats amoureux avec celui qui avait si violemment éveillé ma jalousie arrachent à chaque instant un petit peu de ma force vitale. Depuis ce temps, j'en suis arrivé à la conclusion, comme le feraient les hindous, que j'ai été prédestiné à approfondir la tumultueuse épreuve de l'amour jaloux.

Ça va de soi, cette scène était l'aboutissement de nombreuses nuits d'infidélité avec différents amants qu'elle a connus avant notre mariage et d'autres qu'elle a rencontrés après. Quoique je ne l'aie prise en flagrant délit que cette seule nuit, il m'a été facile d'en venir à la certitude qu'elle me trompait sans relâche. Bien qu'un bon nombre de ses escapades m'aient échappé, plusieurs d'entre elles me sont apparues aussi fatales que perfides. Parfois je trouvais une montre, une carte ou un quelconque article qui trahissaient les serments d'amour qu'elle me faisait, précédés d'accusations dont les plus fréquentes se rapportaient toujours à ma prétendue paranoïa et à ma jalousie, qui d'après elle, bien sûr, n'était jamais fondée. Si seulement cette traîtresse de Claire avait vu la multitude de cadeaux et d'objets compromettants qu'elle laissait traîner —— comme les boîtes de préservatifs entamées que je trouvais dans le compartiment à gant de sa voiture quand elle revenait d'un voyage —— et que j'ai dû parfois brûler ou bien jeter parce que je ne pouvais pas supporter qu'ils soient à la portée de sa main, elle aurait compris qu'elle s'était engagée dans une voie qui ne permettait plus de retour, que je l'avais maudite à jamais et qu'il était inévitable que je prisse la résolution de mettre fin à ses jours.

J'ai attendu un peu plus d'une année avant de mettre à exécution mon meurtrier projet. J'attendais qu'elle ose souiller notre lit conjugal. Cette nuit qui a eu lieu, comme je l'ai déjà rappelé, il y a un peu plus de trois ans, pendant que je m'approchais à pas feutrés de la porte de notre chambre à coucher, j'ai entendu Claire prononcer le nom de M. de G... M... en réponse à celui qui l'appelait Mademoiselle Lescaut. Je n'ai pas hésité, même si je ressentais toujours pour Claire, et peut-être même plus que jamais, cette dévastatrice poussée du désir. Les coups de feu furent brefs et rapides.